THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVII No. 1792

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MAY 26 1934

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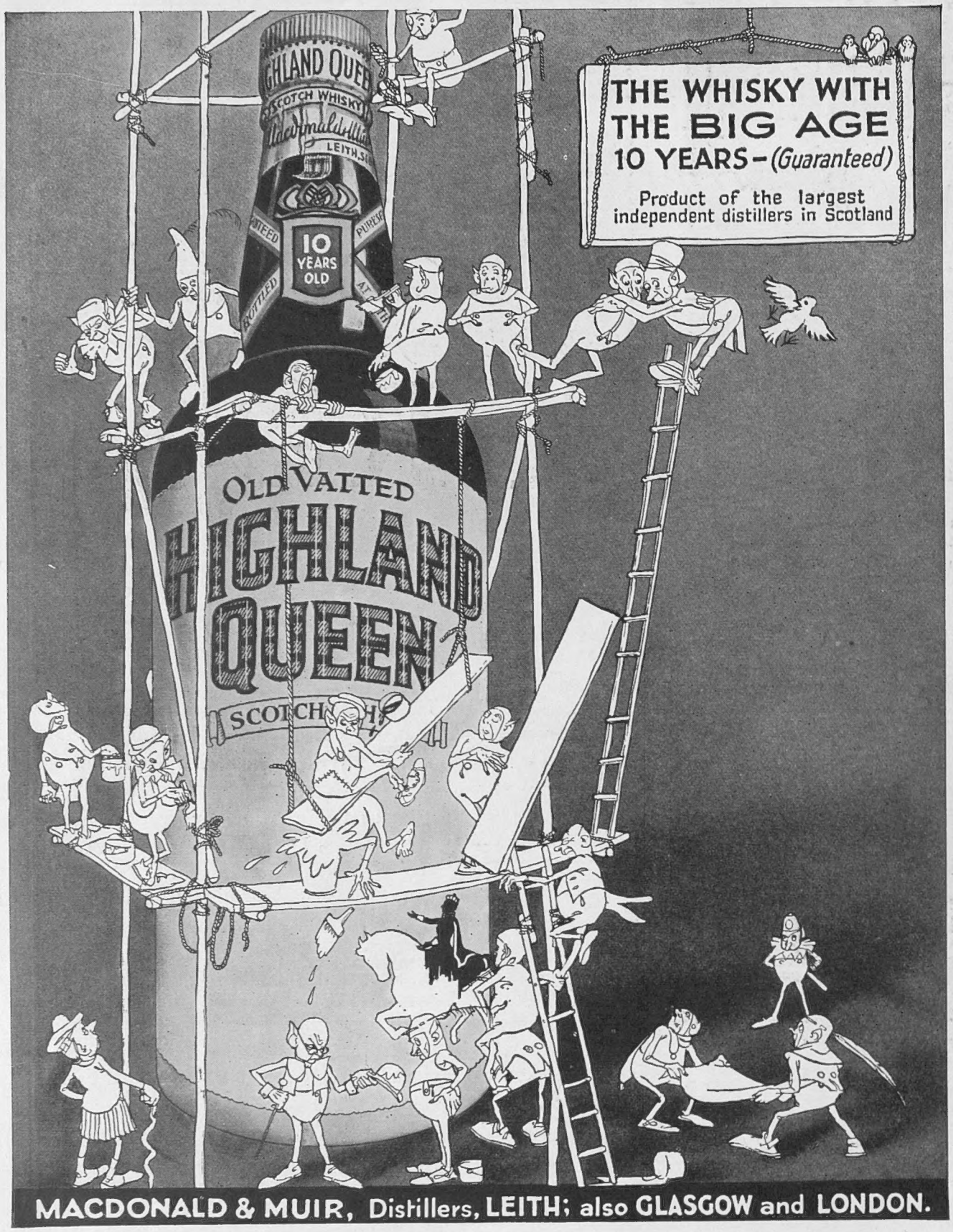

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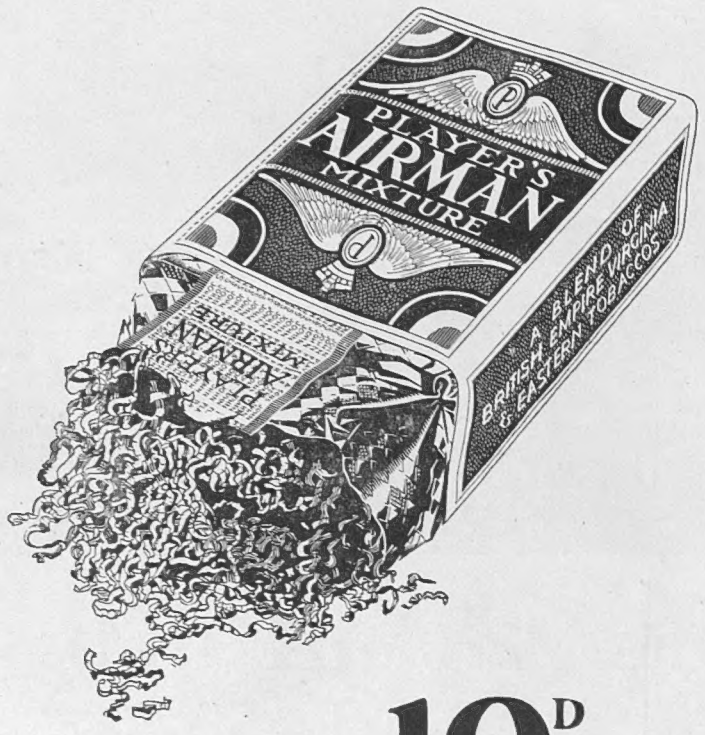

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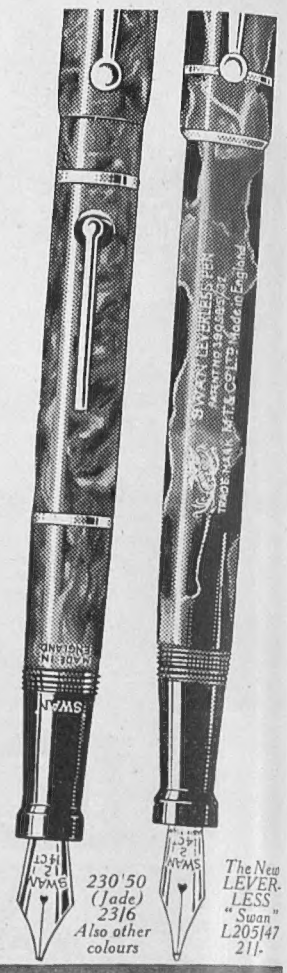

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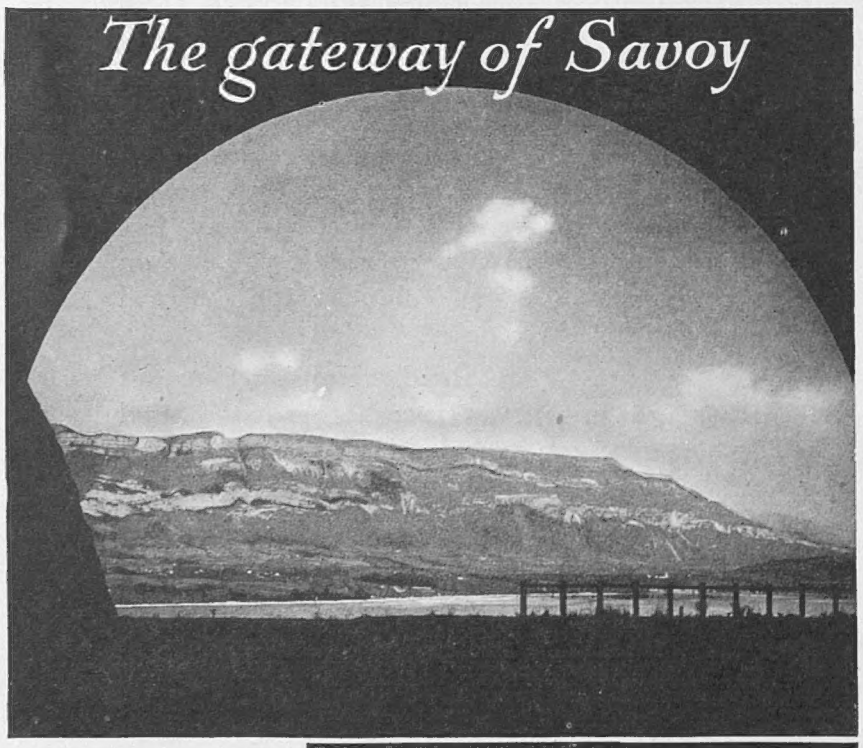

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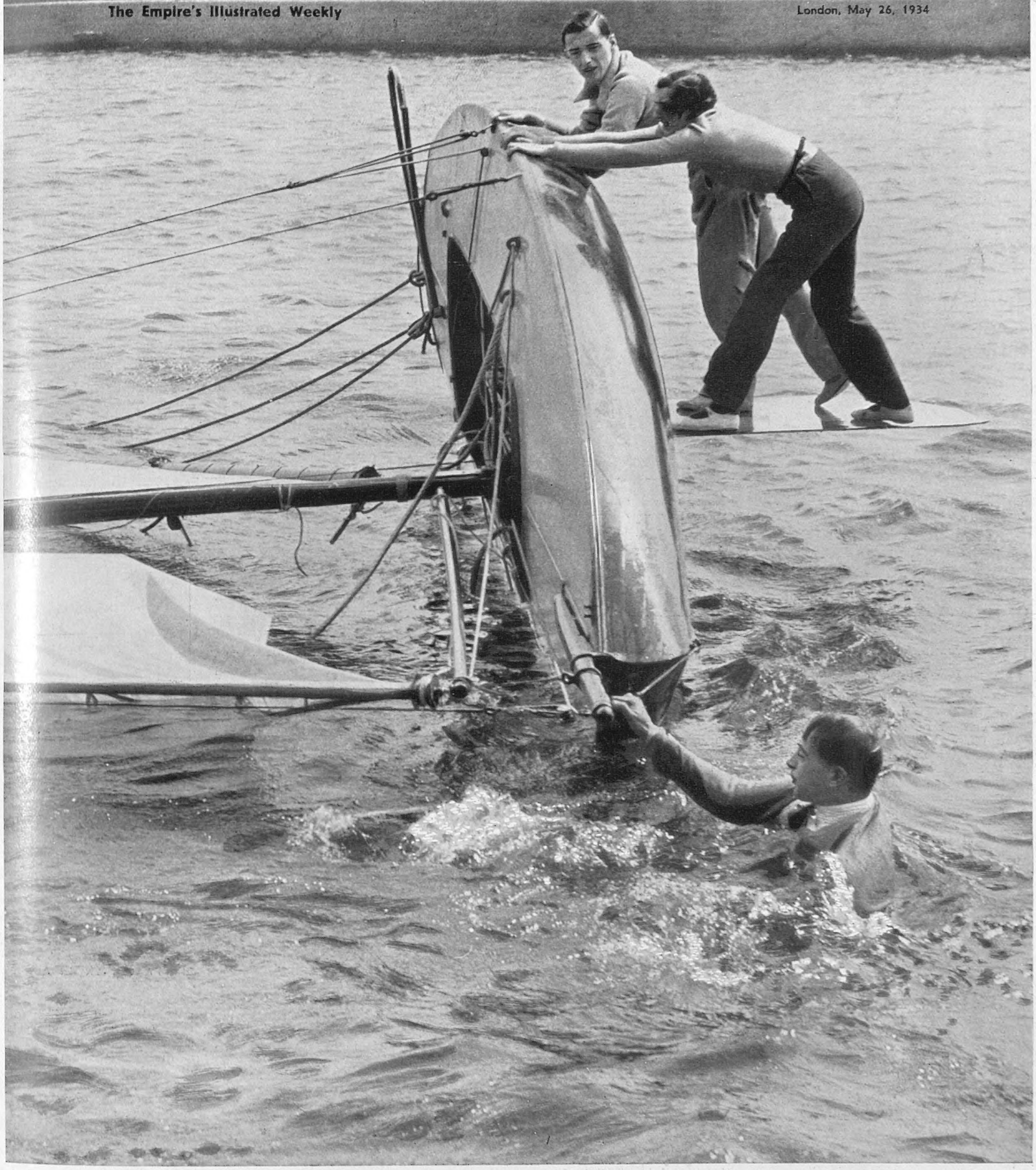
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 26, 1934



WHITSUN ON THE WATER

A Holiday Spill on the Thames at Surbiton

Sunshine did not play an outstanding part in the second Bank Holiday of the year, but the weather was fortunately warm enough to make outdoor recreation popular. A noticeable feature of the week-end was the number of people who took to the water — evidently preferring the attractions of the river to any allurements of the wheel. These yachtsmen on the Thames at Surbiton had a thrilling experience when their boat capsized in a stiff breeze, and they are seen here as they made frantic endeavours to right her before she became waterlogged

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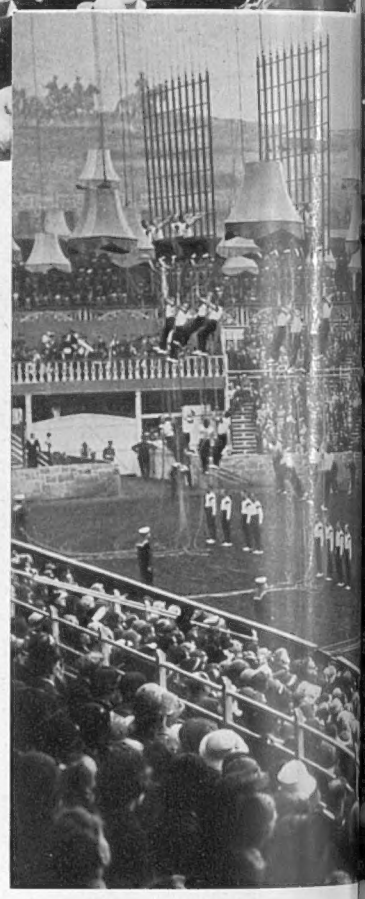
THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA, the opening performance of which was attended by the King and Queen. This picture was taken during a display by the 2nd Battalion, the Black Watch, depicting outstanding events in the history of the regiment



EIGHTY SEAMEN IN A ROPE-CLIMBI

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, May 23, 1934.

A TREMENDOUS ENVOI.

—The air of the downs and the sea can have been no clearer than the air in the House when just before the recess Mr. Baldwin and Sir John Simon stated the Government's opinions on disarmament and foreign policy. Two decades of vague searching after some workable formula to substantiate an impracticable ideal, two decades of fruitless journeying and unceasing conversations, have ended in disillusion, have increased rather than allayed international suspicion, and have left things exactly as they were—and will always be. There is no end to war as the final arbitrament. Civilization's loathing of war is doubtless greater than it was; the glory has gone out of it, and its beastliness and folly are more widely stressed. But still, as of old, it remains the final stage in the settlement of disputes between uncompromising nations, and that being so, all nations, howsoever opposed to the ghastly folly of force, must be prepared for war and prepared to wage it as powerfully as their rank demands. "There is no such thing as a sanction that will work that does not mean war." It is the psalmist's bitter cry "There is no God." And when Mr. Baldwin announced the conclusion forced upon him, he expected to hear the imprecations of still unconvinced idealists. He heard none; he was received with general sympathy. There was no serious pretence that Mr. Baldwin himself had not tried hard enough, that England could do more than she had done. The corollary he could then declare with greater confidence: the Government was already preparing for the word "go" in the new "race for armaments."

THE DREADFUL PHRASE.

—Why mince words, and boggle over the dreadful phrase? Not once since the War has any British Government, in this matter of disarmament and the League, called a spade a spade—until now. The House and the country heard without dissent, if with heavy hearts, that England was even now preparing to build up a great air armament to fit her responsibility to the Empire and to Europe. We still await the last hopes of the League, but we realize that unless and until the great Powers which hold aloof from the League change their hearts and lend their moral support, nothing useful could come from it, and even attempts to clarify or restrict its functions would be waste of time. The nation was called on, on the eve of the Whitsun holidays, to accept and to endorse the tremendous fact that the ultimate sanction is still as of old, War, and that, whether that sanction come to be applied against disturbers of the peace in common agreement with the nations of civilisation leagued together against such disturbers, or whether it fall to be applied individually against a threat to our Empire, the nation must henceforth realize the hard facts and agree to shoulder the burden implicit in making the sanction of force effective as far as this country is concerned. It was a tremendous wind-up to a quiet, domestic interlude in the Session.

ON GETTING SHIRTY.—

No other nation but ours could conceivably have dealt with the question of political uniforms in this year of grace as the House of Commons dealt with it last week. Imagine the same sort of Bill in the Reichstag! The House, feeling sure for once that it had the country behind it, refused to allow its flesh to creep at the threats of any "foreign dancing master" or pinchbeck dictator in uniform. It declared that uniform and uniformity were foreign to British fashions and institutions, and that unity was our strong point. Well, perhaps. But I put *my* shirt rather on the British sense of the ridiculous, to which any form of dressing-up is a red rag. Playing at soldiers was never one of our serious games, albeit we adore watching military pageantry at Olympia, the Horse Guards, and Rushmoor. The spirit of Lord Palmerston clearly is still alive to tantalize, puzzle, and infuriate the foreigner. We still settle our menacing dangers by laughing them out of court, still dispose of international problems in terms of the racecourse. When not engaged in deploring the tastelessness, stupidity, and crass ignorance of the voter, we love to flatter and glorify the essential commonsense of the nation. Let them wear what colour of shirt they please, let them carry toy swords and dummy pistols. If their political creeds are rotten, those creeds will look no wiser in tinsel to John Bull. And after all, at this season of the year, there is only one colour of shirt which we take seriously—a white shirt. Cricket and lawn tennis are a religion, a political creed, a serious vocation. The white shirt is our national panache. The coloured is merely comic.

ITALY AN ISLAND.—

Mussolini took occasion before the fateful meeting—in his own view the last winding-up in bankruptcy—of the League to restate or justify Italy's strong navy policy. To put his arguments in a nutshell, a free adaptation of that famous quatrain, which of late wasted so much ink in the columns of *The Times*, will well serve:—

> From the lone scheming of the rest of Europe
> Mountains divide us and the waste of sea.
> But still the blood is young, the land's an island,
> And we, in dreams, see greater Italy.

The mountains which complete the isolation of Italy are the Alps, strongly defended. All else is sea, and Italy's powerful fleet is to secure her the freedom of the Narrows, Gibraltar, Suez, Babel-Mandeb, etc. Italy's problem, in a word, has been discovered to be the problem of Britain, an island State whose trade and supplies are sea borne, whose urgent need is colonies for expansion and as outlets for her surplus population; but needless to say, none of her aspirations and needs is to be secured by force of arms. Her problems and needs are Britain's, but her methods of solving them are different from Britain's, more modern or more retrograde according to your way of looking at history, and according to the permanence which you attach to the post-War methods of international diplomacy.

UPTON AND DOWNTON.

—Upton, as you clearly remember, is a very up-to-date parliamentary division of West Ham. Downton, you certainly do not remember, was the rottenest of rotten boroughs in the bad old days before 1832. A few days ago Upton returned to Parliament Mr. Gardner (Labour) with a turn-over of 8,000 votes against the Conservative National candidate. Three years ago the Conservative had won from Labour, with a turn-over of 10,000 votes. In 1931 Upton wanted to be saved from perdition and bankruptcy, and the National Government was the one thing which could do the trick, the one thing for

Upton's money. They brought that Government in, in common with their neighbouring constituencies, and it not only saved them from the pit, but raised them above it higher than in their wildest dreams they dreamed possible. Given a chance to accord that Government a vote of confidence, Upton spun round like a weathercock and dropped the pilot when the calm haven opened out. So much for Upton. Almost exactly 100 years ago Downton returned to Parliament James Brougham and Thomas Creevey, on instructions from Lord Radnor. There were only a handful of electors and they found it expedient to vote as his lordship told them. To-day we look with shame on such episodes, political sheep driven by a sheep-dog. Down with Downton, up with Upton! But (in cold blood) which lot of electors were the sillier sheep? Which gives you the greater sense of security and sanity—the weather-cock or the shuttle-cock? Hang me if I don't think there was more practical common-sense and constructive citizenship in following Lord Radnor's "advice" (for at least he was consistent, at least he was a good Radical, at least his party could depend on him to stick to them so long as they deserved well of the country) than in buzzing round like a weather-cock and shifting with every wind that blows. Up with Downton—down with Upton. So much for progress, democracy, and education. At least in Downton the electors were (with beer or bludgeons) got to the polls.

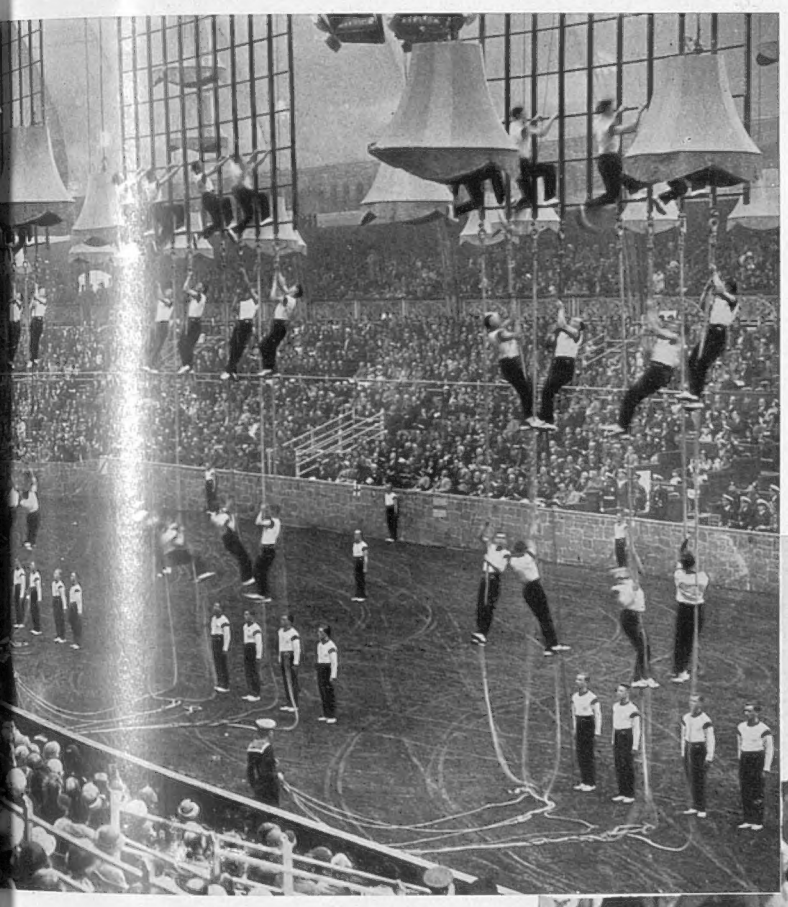
MRS. HEADLAM'S "BUSINESS AS USUAL."—When there is so much of more permanent construction which could usefully be gutted by fire, it was hard that the wooden annexes to old Holywell Hall, outside Durham, should have suffered that fate. For these were the offices of Mrs. Cuthbert Headlam's United Service Employment Scheme, and contained the filed records of six years of useful and intensely hard work. Holywell is a picturesque old building whose roof has sagged as the ground on which it stands has sunk into the void of a disused mine-working. It stands remote at the edge of Branspeth Castle park, but for years the hall and the annexes have been a hive of industry. Here a team of the most efficient secretaries, official and volunteer, male and female, have worked overtime upon the wide and ceaseless activities of Colonel Headlam, M.P., for Barnard Castle, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, and of Mrs. Headlam. The latter has placed hundreds of girls and young men in domestic employment all over Britain with a percentage of failures splendidly paltry, and both of them have tackled strenuously and successfully the problems of this derelict area. Mrs. Headlam refuses to be intimidated by this misfortune. The great work must go on, fire or no fire, records or no records. The records, indeed, are more permanently established than by perishable ink on perishable paper. They still speak for themselves, and all employers and would-be employers under Mrs. Headlam's scheme can help her to get straight again by repeating their wants, or furnishing her with the name and addresses of themselves and their employees. Her address is Holywell, Durham. Telephone: Brandon Colliery 34.

GARDENS. — Recent weather conditions were about as favourable as can be for seeing famous gardens at their best, The whole of the countryside in the South was one vast, ordered garden. With a friend who had been kept much in London, I took the enchanted journey by North Chapel and Petworth to see Major Courtauld's garden at Burton Park. My high hopes of it, expressed a few weeks back, were not misplaced. If the rhododendrons were not quite at their best, the rock garden down by the lake was a breath-taker. Its density and variety of colours were quite dazzling, yet nothing but the simplest and easiest-grown plants, shrubs, and trees produced the wonderful effect. Pirus, alyssum, aubretia, and forget-me-not were the basis of an unforgettable blaze of glory. Then the tulip gardens, the blooms planted in swathes and curves to give density of effect, and the brown earth all hidden with the inevitable perfection of forget-me-not again, the trim grass avenues, the stately steps and stone-work leading up to broad water-gardens, fringed with flag-stones and sheltered with great trees—the whole extent of Burton Park was one long joy. A triumph also; for much of the garden is quite new, and a triumph largely for women, for it owes its quick success to the intense concentration of Mrs. Courtauld, ably assisted by one or two very intelligent girl gardeners. And so home again through Cowdray Park in all its glory, Midhurst, and a detour to get a peep at the west garden of Woolbeding, and on again by Redford and Lynch to Liphook and the golden gorse commons of Bramshott. I hope a few SPHERE readers took my tip and discovered both Burton Park and Great Tangley Manor.

GARDENS FOR THE WEEK-END.—Here are my further recommendations for the week-end garden sightseeing campaign in the Southern home counties. Saturday (26th): Nyman's, Handcross, East Sussex (Colonel Messel). Leonardslee, Horsham, West Sussex (Lady Loder). Woolbeding, Midhurst, West Sussex (Mrs. Lascelles). Sunday (27th): Cowdray Park, Midhurst (Lord Cowdray). The first three named are all in their various ways famous and marked with three stars in the horticulturalists' Baedeker. I have given Cowdray Park as a single nap for Sunday, because you can, with profit and intense pleasure to yourselves, spend hours in the park and among the ruins of Lord Southampton's great house, after seeing the pleasant garden of the newer house and taking tea there. At this time of year the Park, with its famous avenues, its immense herd of deer and its matchless views over the Downs, is worth by itself as an experience a journey from Tasmania. There is a delightful golf course kept up by Lord Cowdray in the Park, and I guarantee that even an American champion playing over it in May would lift his head and take his eye off the ball. If you want to stop again, on your way back to London, do not forget to take a look at Mr. Ezra's Foxwarren (Cobham) garden and menagerie, on the London side of Wisley Heath.

WHITSUNTIDE.—The sun was rather long in relenting for the Whitsuntide holidays and the first two days missed the full glory of a perfectly unfolded spring. As a result it was impossible not to be conscious of a keen and boisterous wind, and the glory of azaleas among bluebells, and bluebells in green woods was spoiled (in more senses than one). While air traffic "broke all records," the roads were not nearly so crowded as was expected, and lidos and other hot-weather attractions wore a rather deserted air. But it was grand weather for hikers, probably the most ideal conditions ever got together for those who still employ Shanks' mare. Politically, the holidays were uneventful, only one country "turning Nazi." Bulgaria had a bloodless putsch and "then there were ten" little nigger-boy dictators in Europe. And Chicago had its great fire, more costly fortunately in stock and material than in human life. Happy is the holiday that has no history and no rain.

THE OLD STAGER

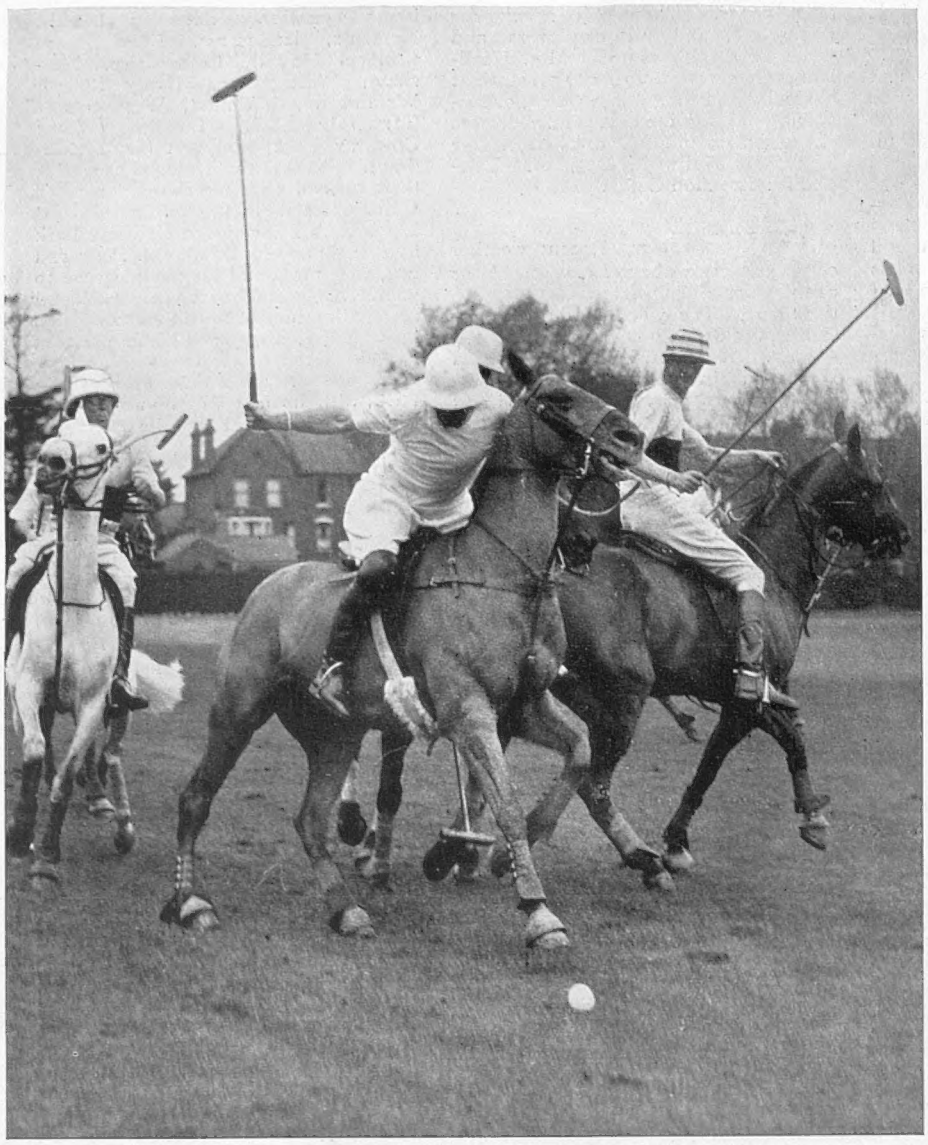


DISPLAY: One of the features of the Royal Tournament Olympia

THE VIEWS OF PRIVATE MEMBERS.—It is all too seldom that the public gets to know the *private* opinions of members of Parliament (singly or in blocks) on the questions of the hour. One can find out how they vote, of course; but that is not always the same thing. It has not taken long for my last week's prophecy (that House of Lords Reform would not be allowed decent burial) to be fulfilled. Already 163 members have demanded an exhumation order and their names are worth looking into. For they certainly represent every school and shade of thought from the die-hard downwards (or upwards). Still more interesting and heartening is the first handful (which will grow into a considerable snowball) of members who have expressed their abhorrence of the insidious efforts (chiefly among local Conservative Associations) to steal back to the party game while still wearing the National jersey. "Co-operation in the Constituencies"; "Scrupulous fairness can be exercised towards the representatives of the smaller parties, as Mr. Baldwin has promised"; "those who have zealously served the old parties." I wonder how Guildford, for example, feels when (and if) she reads these fine phrases from *The Times* leader. But I expect she reads the Die-hard Conservative organ and is untroubled in her conscience. Well; may the snowball grow into a mass.

THE IDOL OF PORTHCAWL: Miss Pam Barton, the seventeen-year-old golfer who, at her first attempt, created a sensation by reaching the final of the Ladies Open Championship. After a gallant struggle she was beaten by Mrs. A. Holm, of Troon, an experienced player who found her very best form. Miss Barton started off in great style and finished 1 up on the first 18 holes. In the afternoon, however, her opponent took command of the game and won easily. Mrs. Holm's figures for the last 13 holes were: 4, 5, 4, 3, 4, 5, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, 4

SEVEN DAYS OF HIS



EXCITING POLO AT HURLINGHAM: An incident in the final of the Whitney Cup between Wykham and the Optimists. The latter team received a start of 1½ goals, and won narrowly by 7½ goals to 5. *On right*—THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE PRINCIPALITY: H.R.H. at Ponciau Banks, near Wrexham, where he inspected the recreation ground scheme upon which the unemployed have been engaged for nearly two years. Sixteen and a half acres of rough and sloping ground are being converted into playing fields for adults and children

A LONG-DISTANCE YACHT RACE: The start of last week's 310-mile race from Burnham-on-Crouch across the North Sea to Heligoland. The first to arrive was Mr. C. F. Neill's *Nanette III*, which started from scratch. Fourteen yachts competed

GREETED BY T... Pond and ... non-stop ... County Cl... a gre...

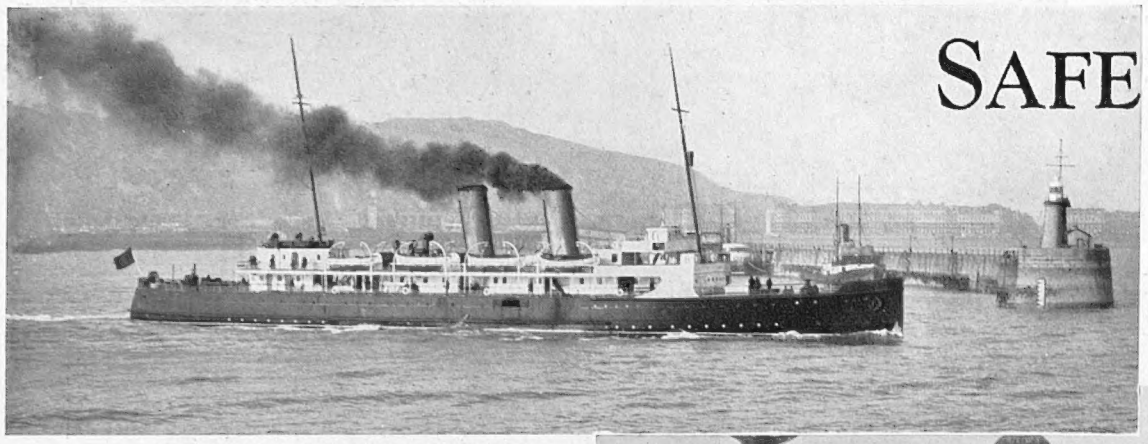
A PERILOUS PERCH: This French air liner, the second to meet with an accident in a week, made a forced landing on the banking above the Purley Way, near Croydon, on Saturday last. The 'plane ran short of petrol and lost altitude so rapidly that it smashed a tree (seen on left), and it was only by the greatest dexterity that the pilot was able to avoid the stream of traffic. The seven passengers were uninjured

A BEAUTIFUL DANGER SPOT: The scene after a Portsmouth-London motor coach had crashed over the Devil's Punch Bowl, near Hindhead, Surrey. It mounted the kerb at an acute angle, somersaulted twice, and came to rest on its side halfway down the slope. One passenger was killed and six were injured

LOCAL INHABITANTS: Lieut.-Commander George R. Tenant Cesare Sabelli, whose attempt to make a from New York to Rome, ended in a forced landing in Western Ireland. As this picture shows, they received welcome from the hospitable inhabitants

CEREMONY AT THE TOWER: Lieut.-Colonel W. F. O. Faviell, D.S.O. Major of the Tower of London, inspecting the Yeomen of the Guard before attending the Whit-Sunday service. He was appointed to this position last year

SOCIETY HOLIDAYMAKERS AT LE TOUQUET: Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who has now completely recovered from her severe illness, with her husband



SAFETY AT SEA

Modern Inventions that Avert Disasters

By LORD STRABOLGI

THE SEA will always be dangerous.

Scientific devices have made ocean travel safer, ships have improved, the art of navigation has made great strides; but those who "go down to the sea in ships" have to reckon with the elements which can override all our carefully thought-out safeguards.

Thus, the sinking by the great liner *Olympic* of the lightship *Nantucket*, with the loss of seven of her crew, was a piece of sheer bad luck caused by the abnormally thick fog, the strong tide running, and the temporary failure of the lightship's radio beacon. Superb seamanship in the liner's lifeboats saved four lives out of the seven swimmers picked up out of the sea. The others died of their injuries.

The radio beacon is a comparative novelty. In the opinion of many experienced seamen, the simpler old-fashioned sound signals—the gun or maroon—should be retained in all exposed lightships in the fog belts as a supplement to the wireless beacon as a means of warning approaching vessels. Round our own coasts the radio beacons and the wireless direction-finding stations are elaborately and efficiently organized, for we were the pioneers, as we have been with the lifeboat service and the modern method of coast lighting.

But we use the old-fashioned signal gun as well on important promontories and in the principal lightships; quite recently a steamer, off her course and heading straight for the deadly quicksands of the Goodwins, was saved by the timely firing of a warning gun by the South Goodwin lightship.

The *Nantucket's* syren was being sounded right up to the moment when the *Olympic* loomed up out of the fog and rammed her into matchwood. But one of the peculiarities of a sea fog is that it often acts as a blanket against sound.

I have known a ship's steam syren rendered inaudible at 100 yards by a fog-bank. It requires the report of a cannon to get through on those occasions.

I shall describe the latest safety appliances; but let me reassure the thousands who will be cruising, or travelling by sea during this holiday season, that ocean-voyages to-day are as safe for the ordinary passenger as travel by railway train, and much safer than travel by aeroplanes or on the roads!

And when a collision *does* occur, provided the lifeboats are efficient and the crew know their work, there is much more chance of escape at sea than in a railway train or motor vehicle.

THE CHIEF DANGERS at sea are fog, fire, icebergs, storm, rocks, and shoals. And of these, fog is by far the worst enemy of the sailors. Fog is particularly dangerous in large passenger liners, because of the difficulty of stopping a big ship in a short distance even when she is proceeding at slow speed. The dangers are twofold; collision with another vessel, and losing her bearings and running aground.

The safeguards against collision are slow speed, good lookouts, and warning signals. The lookouts are placed right forward in the bows; low down, and high up. In calm weather a keen-eyed seaman is posted as near the water-line as possible. It is sometimes possible to see *under* a fog. Another man is sent to the masthead to see *over* the fog.

The warning signals are various. In a fog the steam syren is bound to be sounded under the International Regulations. Sailing ships use the fog-horn; and all ships ring a bell when anchored.

Wireless can be used between ship and ship for indicating position and course, and—to a limited extent—for direction finding.

The sound-blanketing effects of fog can be overcome by the use of under-water signalling apparatus. Water carries sound better than air. Approaching steamers can give warning to each other by sounding specially fitted under-water bells, the notes of which are picked up by microphones. Perhaps the greatest progress has been made in position finding by radio. All round the coasts of Europe and North America are direction-finding stations.

A vessel caught near the shore in thick fog or falling snow and uncertain of her position, uses her wireless to call up one of these stations. The signalmen on shore tell her to continue making a spark and telephone to a station some distance away to fix the position of the sending vessel also. With modern instruments, the direction or "bearing" of a wireless spark can be calculated with great accuracy. The direction lines from the two stations are exchanged by telephone, the two lines drawn on the chart, and where they intersect or "cut," as we say at sea, is the position of the sending ship. She is given her position in a few minutes by radio.

The radio beacon gives the distance from a single station. The receiving vessel must, however, be fitted both with wireless and under-water signal receivers. A submarine sound signal and a wireless flash are sent out simultaneously from the beacon. Sound travels under water at a mile a second. The wireless signal passes through the ether for thousands of miles in a negligible fraction of a second. On board the fog-bound ship the operators note the interval of time between the wireless signal and the under-water sound signal and from this interval the exact distance of the radio beacon is calculated.

FIRE AT SEA is still a real danger, as the burning of the French liner *L'Atlantique* demonstrated. But it can be guarded against. One of the lessons of the *L'Atlantique* disaster was the necessity of reducing the amount of highly inflammable material on board ship. Wood can be made fireproof, but not the luxurious furnishings which make so many modern passenger ships like floating "grand hotels." Less luxury here means greater safety. But the fire pumps of a modern luxury liner are so powerful, and chemical fire extinguishers are now so efficient that, with ordinary care, there should never be another serious fire at sea on board a modern well-found passenger ship.

Icebergs are an ever-present danger at certain seasons in the North Atlantic. There is now an international ice patrol with the duty of warning shipping of the presence of large icebergs which have drifted unusually far south. Particularly troublesome icebergs are blown up with gun-cotton.

Storms have lost most of their terrors. Ocean-going steamers of the larger size, with their powerful engines, can weather the fiercest gale. Hurricanes are a different matter; but they are only really dangerous in the centre. The law of storms is so well understood now, and wireless warnings so efficient, that all vessels should be able to avoid the deadly vortex. Apart from hurricanes, and the similar typhoons of the China Seas, even the heaviest gale only means discomfort and delay.

A GUARDIAN OF MERSEY SHIPPING: The Bar Lightship

Safety from rocks and shoals now depends on accurate navigation. The seas have been so well explored and charted by our Naval Hydrographical Service that the danger from unknown rocks and shallows is practically negligible. The navigator is aided in avoiding the *known* dangers by modern science. In addition to the wireless and sound-signal methods of fixing positions already referred to, the instruments of navigation have been enormously improved. Instead of the magnetic compass, liable to all kinds of disturbances, the mariner now relies chiefly on his electro-gyroscopic compass. A heavy spinning wheel, by a well-known natural law, keeps its axis turned always in the same direction. This has been taken advantage of by inventors, and now the modern compass has nothing magnetic about it. It spins in a secluded part of the ship and acts as "master" to a number of other compasses at the steering-wheels and on the navigation bridge. It is practically free of error. The modern navigator can be sure of the true course. Even inaccuracies in the steering can be checked and allowed for. They are plotted on a special chart. Indeed, a robot gyro-helmsman is now in use, steering the ship with an accuracy impossible to a quartermaster.

INSTEAD of the old hand-lead, thrown from the "chains," and useful only at slow speeds and in shallow waters, we have sounding machines, measuring the depth by the pressure of the water on the submerged lead. Even this method has been improved upon, and the depth of water is now measured by the echo from sound waves projected from the bottom of the ship's hull to the bed of the ocean.

The chronometers, necessary for reckoning the longitude, are checked as to their accuracy from the time signals sent out from the world's wireless stations.

But when all these safeguards fail, as they will do from time to time, then there is shipwreck, and lives are imperilled.

The methods of saving life at sea are being continuously improved. The Lifeboat Service, particularly round the British coasts, is wonderfully efficient. The present-day unsinkable motor-lifeboats are marvels of the shipbuilder's art.

(*Cont. on p.* 328)

THE LONE WOLF: A striking picture of the Wolf lighthouse which stands in the fairway of traffic at a distance of about eight miles from Land's End

OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

THE ROAD TO CALVARY: Christ carrying the cross Herr Alois Lang gives a brilliant performance and lays particular stress on the manliness of Our Lord

Top left—THE MYSTIC: Herr Bierling as John—one of the most difficult parts to interpret in the Passion Play

THE CRUCIFIXION: Herr Lang has to spend seventeen minutes on the cross, during which time he has no support for his arms. At the end of the performance he is often completely exhausted

Top right — ONE OF CHRIST'S ACCUSERS: Caiaphas, the High Priest, played by Herr Hugo Rutz

"WHY, WHAT EVIL HATH HE DONE?" Pilate (Herr Brietsamter) answering the Chief Priests as they demand that Jesus shall be put to death

GAZING IN ANGUISH AT THE CROSS: Mary Magdalene played by Fräulein Klara Mayr

This year's presentation of the Oberammergau Passion Play is of particular interest in that this is one of the very rare occasions on which there has not been a ten-year interval between each production. It was last performed in 1930. The great drama, which opened this week, is as stirring as ever, the simple dignity and genuine feeling of those taking part giving the play a realism that only those who have seen it can believe

"I HAVE SINNED IN THAT I HAVE BETRAYED THE INNOCENT BLOOD": Judas (Herr Hans Zwink) suffers agonies of remorse as he realizes what he has done

Here, There, and Everywhere

IN "JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND": Mr. Bernard Shaw at the Maoris meeting house at Rotorua, North Island, New Zealand, which he visited during his recent world tour. He was greatly interested in the art and music of the Maoris

LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR GEORGE STANLEY with Lady Beatrix Stanley at Ootacamund Horse Show. In the temporary absence of Lord Willingdon, Sir George is Acting Viceroy of India. He has been Governor of Madras since 1929, and is to be succeeded in November by Lord Erskine, elder son of the Earl of Mar and Kellie

A CLOUDBURST IN GALILEE: A street in the town of Tiberias after the cloudburst on May 14 which resulted in the death of seventeen of the inhabitants. Two inches of rain fell in forty-five minutes, and, as the water could find no outlet, the low-lying portions of the town were flooded. The neighbouring fields are ruined

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, FLY, FLY AGAIN": Miss Jean Batten, the New Zealand airwoman, who, at her third attempt, beat Mrs. Mollison's record of 19½ days for a woman's solo flight from England to Australia

STATE CEREMONIAL IN EDINBURGH: Mr. John Buchan, M.P., the Lord High Commissioner, driving in an open carriage to St. Giles' Cathedral for the service held prior to the opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

PRESENTED AT THE FIRST COURT: Miss Violette Ffrench, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Ernest Ffrench, of Harley Street

CRIES of LONDON

And Other Camera Character Studies

MUFFINS and CRUMPETS

The man who rings for his customers

THE COAL-MAN

A familiar figure in the London streets

THE FISHMONGER: Scene in an East End street market

The bell of the muffin-man can still be heard in the streets, the coal-man still draws attention to his wares by word of mouth, but, sadly enough, most of the old street cries have vanished. It seems that "Sweet lavender, sweet lavender," "Knives and scissors and razors to grind," "Brandy balls, brandy balls, as big as St. Paul's," will never be heard again. Perhaps it is that the din of the traffic is too much for them, but, whatever the cause, it is impossible not to regret the passing of these cries which once did so much to add to London's charm

ENGLAND'S ONLY WOMAN SWEEP? Mrs. Mary Nelson of Clapton out on her rounds

RHYTHM of the DANCE

Right—The castanets clash as the dance develops, and the skirts ruffle from left to right as the shoes tap the floor

Left—The forward movement begins and the swaying stride of the dancers is caught by the camera in a series of artistic poses

Right—Faster and faster; the dancers dip and sway revealing a wonderful sense of rhythm and movement

These instantaneous impressions of a Spanish dance were obtained in Berlin where a series of performances has been given at the Wintergarten. The pictures are remarkable in that they create an impression of actual movement

What Other People Are Doing

THEIR WAY TO THE FIRST OURT OF THE SEASON: e Earl and Countess of Lisirne and their daughter, Lady oria Vaughan, who was presented

Top, centre—SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC: Tony Smythe and Roma Beaumont who star in the Grosvenor House cabaret. They are also playing in the Hippodrome success, *Mr. Whittington*

BACK TO THE 'EIGHTIES: Mlle Alix Barton, the French fashion expert, wearing a fashionable spring coat, and holding the quaint "Grandmother's Sunshade" which invariably accompanies it

Circle — THE "GIRL FROM KIRKCUDBRIGHT": Margot Tulloch, the heroine in the American-written Scottish musical comedy which is the attraction of the hour in San Francisco

DEPICTING THE EVOLUTION OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT: Miss Marion Marling, daughter of the late Sir Charles Marling, and Mr. Geoffrey Nares, son of the actor, who will take part in the Pageant of Parliament to be presented at the Albert Hall next month

PORTRAITURE AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: Mrs. Henry Martin, wife of the editor of the Press Association. From the painting by Maurice F. Codner

THE NKANA WELFARE CLINIC where the native workers and their families receive free medical aid

LIFE IN THE COPPER BELT

A Visit to a Mine Compound at Nkana, Northern Rhodesia

By LAWRENCE G. GREEN

ELEVEN MILES of clean white huts, 10,000 native men, women, and children, steaming kitchens, welfare clinics, markets, cinemas, school, and hospital—that is the great compound at Nkana in the Copper Belt of Northern Rhodesia.

News has travelled along the native paths concerning the good food and the money to be earned in the Copper Mines. There is no recruiting for the mines at the present time. The natives come marching across country in single file, converging on Nkana at the rate of a hundred a day, eager to find work in this astounding place the white man has created where only a tangle of bush grew before.

From the Wawemba country and Barotseland they come; from Portuguese colonies to the east and west; from the Congo and the lakes, and from every corner of Rhodesia. Some cover incredible distances on foot, their homes are so far away that one wonders how word of the copper mines reached them. Mr. W. J. Scrivener, the compound manager, showed me records in his office of natives at Nkana from Sierra Leone and Nigeria. The Union, Bechuanaland, Tanganyika, are all represented in that immense compound. It is a gathering of clans knowing no political boundaries—one of the best fed and most contented groups in Africa.

There are scores of little tribes in Northern Rhodesia, offshoots of peoples driven from their own territories by the wrath of Chaka, some of Zulu stock and some Basuto. Languages are a difficulty. Chinvanja, the "language of the lake," has been officially adopted by the police, just as the Belgians across the border recognise only Kiswahili in their dealings with the natives. On the mines they are trying to solve the problem by teaching the "boss boys" English, though one hears the lingua franca of "Low Kaffir" spoken every day.

"Practically every trouble which arises between white and black is due to this lack of understanding," declared Mr. Scrivener. "The natives are willing enough, but they cannot always get an order right. A good white miner is not necessarily a good linguist. 'Kitchen Kaffir' has no range. Fortunately, the native learns like a child, he picks up English far more readily than we would master a native language. So we have a night school where English—and particularly English as spoken by miners—is taught."

THE GATES of the Copper Belt compounds are never closed—there are no diamonds here, and the natives off duty have complete freedom. I watched them filing past the steam cookers, each boy drawing a basin full of fragrant mealie meal and hot-beans. An ingenious device is used for issuing the ration of meat and bananas—a trapdoor at the end of a chute. A native policeman raises the door, the ration drops out, and the boy passes on satisfied that there has been no unfair division of the food.

The weekly scale of rations of meal, beans, meat, fresh vegetables, peanuts, and salt as laid down by the Government is generously interpreted by the mines. First-class cooking is the rule, and no native goes to bed hungry. Every mine boy coming off shift receives hot cocoa and bread. The women, of course, are more difficult to satisfy. Married women draw rations for their husbands; they arrive 1,600 strong every morning, jostling for the best places in the queue, and arguing about their food tickets. "I would rather feed two thousand men than a hundred women," a weary compound official told me.

Wives and children, by the way, are fed by the mine; a boy has only to announce that he is married and his whole family is secure, with a free roof over their heads. A boy may not take more than one wife, however; not because the mines are opposed to polygamy, but because of the housing shortage. "The price of a bride is rather low in these parts," the compound manager told me. "I have seen them go for as little as 1s. The work the husband had to do for the mother-in-law is another matter."

One thousand of the Nkana compound's 10,000 are children. Mr. Nutter, welfare officer and missionary, took me to his baby clinic one day. The mothers, dressed in bright calicoes, had brought their babies to be weighed and to receive a free ration of soap. When a baby shows no increase in weight, Mr. Nutter becomes suspicious and cross-examines the mother. "You took the child to Ndola to see his grandmother, did you?" he says. "Well, the journey has done the baby no good." As a result of this careful inspection, many babies are sent to hospital before their complaints become serious.

Dancing to the drums, the great entertainment all over tropical Africa, is the chief amusement in the Nkana compound. A weird array of musical instruments may be seen during a short walk—gourds with strings, wooden sounding boards with metal keys, calabashes beaten like xylophones, and queer bamboo contraptions with wires which the players twirl against their mouths.

All over the compound you see holes scooped out of the ground in neat rows for one of the oldest games in Africa—a sort of Arab draughtboard on which beans are used. Some use ordinary playing cards and gamble with matches, razor blades, and candles, but not for money.

THOUSANDS OF NATIVES in the Copper Belt have strange ideas of the value of money. They do like to feel they are in possession of large sums of money, and it is a common thing for two boys to pool their wages; one takes both pay envelopes one month, and the other takes both the next. A boy may be earning three times as much as his partner, yet he cannot see anything ludicrous in this arrangement. Saving banks, which are open to them every pay-day, very few understand. They prefer to bury their money under the floor of the hut, or leave it with a friend—and the friend usually spends it immediately.

As a spender, the native does know what he wants. A huge mail-order business is done with British firms, and every post brings a heap of catalogues (often never claimed) from London and Manchester. There are Beau Brummels in these compounds—sturdy fellows who wear their plus-fours with the inimitable swagger of the African native. Gaudy pullovers are popular, and some have been known to fill in self-measurement forms correctly and obtain dress-suits from famous London outfitters. Caps and blazers are fashionable just now—I saw one native wearing a cap with the legend, "Play up, Fulham!"

Native taste in blankets and cloths is, to say the least, conservative. A woman does not merely ask for a blanket; it must be a blanket of the same pattern, colour, and size as the last one she bought. Give her a sheet of calico, and without the aid of a pin or a stitch she will drape it round herself with a natural artistry which a Paris dress-designer would admire.

African films are enjoyed above all others by the natives at the weekly cinema shows, given free in the compound. They appreciate every point in a hunting picture like *Simba*. But they love Felix, too, and Western dramas and old-fashioned comedies involving the destruction of property never fail to delight them. A native beer hall has just been opened by the Northern Rhodesian Government at Nkana. With a swimming-bath and all these other amusements, the great black population is content. Native welfare on the mines is watched by men with long experience of the country and of native psychology. Every effort is made to fit a boy into the right job. If he does not give satisfaction in one department, he is usually given a second chance elsewhere. Tricks of temperament are carefully studied. A native who has lost an arm or leg, for example, suffers from a mental awkwardness for some time afterwards; he is hard to handle, and will burst into the office every day to make insolent demands. This peculiarity is well understood, and a disabled native is given time to settle down to some task he can easily perform.

THE COMPOUND MANAGER could tell many stories of native cunning. He decided there was nothing wrong with the intelligence of the mine boy when he discovered one labourer who had done no work for a fortnight, but had drawn his pay and rations all the time by means of a series of the most ingenious frauds. A large staff of trained native clerks with typewriters and modern office equipment checks all time cards and keeps an elaborate hut register. This labourer had outwitted them all.

No attempt is made to Europeanize the natives on the mines. At the Roan Antelope (where Mr. F. Ayer, general manager, explained the policy to me) many of the tribes in the compound have the privilege of electing elders to settle small grievances and quarrels.

The Roan compound is the most favourably situated in the Copper Belt, standing as it does on rising ground and separated by a little river from the mine itself and the white settlement. The huts are thatched, and are far more comfortable than any built by the natives themselves in their own villages.

"Some people wonder what will happen to the native in the future when he leaves the mines and returns to an entirely different mode of life, namely, farming," remarked Mr. Ayer. "We are trying to meet this problem of detribalization by giving every married labourer a small farm, where his wife and children can raise crops. This keeps them in touch with the seasons and the old village life; you can tell they are happy, for they are always singing in the fields."

It has been predicted that the copper mines of the Katanga and Northern Rhodesia will one day become the hub of Africa. As far as the natives are concerned, these words have come true along the narrow, native trails, unknown to Europeans, not mapped like the Great North Road, but all leading after many weeks to the journey's end in the Copper Belt.

ELEVEN MILES OF HUTS: A section of the great native compound at Nkana

NEWS *from* TWO CONTINENTS

JAPAN: Mr. Tsukasa Uetsuka, Parliamentary Counsellor of the Finance Ministry and an expert on matters Brazilian, giving a lecture on conditions in Brazil to a number of young women who are leaving for that country to marry Japanese business men who have settled there

SWITZERLAND: A dance during the picturesque Camelia Festival at Locarno which attracted thousands of visitors into the town from all parts of the country. Some wonderful floral decorations were displayed during the great procession of carnival cars through the streets

RUMANIA: The Dowager Queen Marie, in the uniform of Commander of the 4th Cavalry Regiment, reviewing troops at the National Military Fête in Bucharest

FRANCE: The scene in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre, during the special service held for sick people. Hundreds of these invalids were carried in on stretchers and laid in rows below the chancel steps. Cardinal Verdier officiated

JAPAN: Mr. Hirota, Foreign Minister, joining the hands of Mr. Yurenev, the Soviet Ambassador to Japan, and General Ting Shih-yuan, the Manchukuan Minister, at a party given recently in Tokyo. The meeting was not without political significance

HOLLAND: The old British steamer *Jamaica Producer*, at one time in the banana trade, has been bought by a Rotterdam yachting club. In this picture the upper part of the vessel is seen being hauled ashore by two giant cranes. It is to be used as a club house

UNDER THE BLACK EAGLE

Life in the United States Capital To-day: A Close-up Impression of the National Recovery Administration at Work

By JAMES E. ABBÉ

THE SIGN OF THE BLACK EAGLE: A scene in the printing works where hundreds of thousands of these posters are being produced for display in the windows of retail stores. It appears that the eagle is now printed in black instead of in the original blue

The following notes by Mr. James E. Abbé, the well-known American Press photographer and journalist, give an interesting insight into the life of Washington as it is to-day and into the characters of the men who are attempting to make a success of what is known as "The New Deal." The writer visits President Roosevelt in the White House, hears and vividly records the views of a barber and a taxi-driver, and explores the headquarters of the National Recovery Administration, "where 1,500 people are engaged in providing the light by which the 120,000,000 Americans will find their way out of the depression."

"Federal employees are squawkin' mighty loud about the salary cuts, and consequently gettin' purty weak in their enthusiasm about the N.R.A.," my Southern taxi-driver informed me in mellifluous tones.

"Well, why should they kick? Everybody is making less money than during the good old days!"

"Yeah, but they feel laik it oughtn't to apply to them."

"How's business in Washington on the whole?"

"Fine, better than it was last summer."

"How was it last summer?"

"Well, anyhow, it was better than the summer before."

"Do folks outside the Federal offices complain about the N.R.A.?"

"The big folks do. The little folks" (with a chuckle), "think it's OKay."

"What about the taxi business? Good for you or just for the company?"

"Good for both, the companies and the drivers."

"Then you personally have no kick?"

"No, suh. Ah'm satisfied."

Around the corner from the hotel I ate a beefsteak dinner, soup, steak on toast, salad, three vegetables, cherry pie, and coffee for fifty cents. The waiter said prices were not going up, as yet. He couldn't see any difference in the dollar after whatever it was they did to it. He reckoned everything was all right though.

According to the barber at the Capitol Park Hotel the N.R.A. is thus far a wash-out. He says all these bureaus (that Al Smith, former New York governor and Roosevelt's most outspoken opponent, says will soon require another alphabet) have just fixed things so as more people can graft. General Johnson employs a secretary at 6,000 dollars a year—when 100 dollars a month looks good to anybody these days. They have created a liquor control board headed by three members, one of whom is the wife of a prosperous physician. "Why give a job to someone who doesn't need it?" he asks. Then, answering his own question, "For the same reason they do everything in Government, for political reasons, to help their own families and relatives, and keep an eye on the folks who got them their jobs." Little business men are up against it. N.R.A. takes care of the big businesses, like department stores who put up the Black Eagle emblem, raise the salaries, and then cut down their staffs to make them cover more ground. The newspapers who depend on the department stores for advertising, according to the barber, won't write anything about what happens to the little business men.

What with so many more Government jobs you'd think we'd have no unemployment in Washington, but the barber blames it to the outsiders who keep coming into town from all over thinking they'll get jobs, but become the unemployed of Washington. What can you do? Drive 'em out of town? (All this in a loud voice, and other clients in the shop, but he's sore and doesn't care who hears him.)

Are we headed for Communism, or Fascism, I ask. Damned if he knows; he's stopped worrying about it. Everthing is so keyed up he has given up trying to figure things out. (He gives a pretty rough shave when he is worked up, though he may be an excellent barber.)

* *

N.R.A. HEADQUARTERS.—Well, I have been inside of the revolutionary headquarters. Seventeen million dollar building in stone which is almost as gorgeous as Moscow's Soviet Palace still on paper. Built two years ago to house the staff of the Secretary of Commerce, and never before fully occupied because of being unable to muster 3,500 servants of the Government, this building has come into its own by opening its doors to the N.R.A.

Anybody can enter. A lady at the information desk in the hall will direct you how to locate the particular office you want, but the lone policeman on duty asks no questions. If you just want to stroll about and observe the activities you don't even need to enter an office. Practically every door remains open to facilitate the coming and going of men, women, and girls with documents in their hands. The secretaries and typists are well dressed and nourished.

A working lighthouse stands just inside the entrance to the building, a replica of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey lighthouses which line our coasts. Some 10 or 12 ft. high, it exemplifies the Scripps-Howard (newspaper chain) slogan, "Give light, and the people will find their way." An N.R.A. enthusiast might construe this as a symbol of what the N.R.A. is doing. The 1,500 persons of national headquarters' staff are, according to an assistant to a division administrator, engaged in providing the light by which the 120,000,000 Americans will find their way out of the depression.

That very few of the important American industries desired to steer their course by the N.R.A. beacon when it first flashed its shaft of light over the rockbound coast of depression, was admitted by my informant. To "spur on" industry President Roosevelt sent the figurative wireless message .P.R.A. (President's Reemployment Agreement), and put it squarely up to the industries to submit their codes voluntarily. The agreements began to be consummated almost immediately!

My informant had a beautiful nineteen-year-old secretary who supplemented much of the information given me by her chief. What they neither of them could answer she jotted

THE PRESS AWAITS THE PRESIDENT: Representatives of some 200 American and foreign newspapers are stationed in Washington, but only a certain select few are privileged to attend the Press conferences at the White House and to question the President. The police officer in the background is always on the alert to catch unauthorised visitors

"WHILE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY HELD A CLUB BILL": This was Mr. Roosevelt's own title for this the pressmen and photographers who visit the White those who do not

down and promised to give me the answers tomorrow when I return to be shown over the works from top to bottom. I suggested that when I stepped into the building I was fearful of finding anyone who had the time to reply to my questions, and the chief answered, "Last August you wouldn't have, but things are much more in hand now." Certainly there were no evidences of confusion in this office.

The secretary knows a mathematician who will figure out how many three-letter combinations are possible in our alphabet of twenty-six letters. (This subject came out when I asked facetiously how many Greek letter societies were already established under the ægis of the Black Eagle.)

I took the two of them to lunch in the "Officials' Dining-room" downstairs next to the aquarium. Neatly uniformed waitresses, not bad looking, served a swell lunch at 40 cents per plate. There were about forty heads of offices and departments there at the moment. Keen-looking boys, mostly under forty. Not the type of bureaucrats I had seen in France, nor the U.S.S.R., the most prolific father of bureaucrats.

After lunch we walked through the cafeteria adjoining, which seated about a thousand employees; then I caught a taxi to the Capitol to see how the old-fashioned Congress was making out.

While I think of it, I must note that I am invited to attend a code hearing of the buttonhole industry at the Mayflower Hotel. All my life I have wanted to get acquainted with a buttonhole maker, and now the opportunity of meeting a delegation of them negotiating with the U.S. Government! I must try to find out how one becomes a buttonhole maker. It has always sounded so simple, sticking a hole in cloth. How did it become an industry? Can buttonholes be exported? Was it propaganda, a lobbyist, who initiated the phrase "to buttonhole a Congressman"?

* * *

A VISIT TO THE WHITE HOUSE.—No heel-clicking sentry halts you at the wide-open iron gate leading to Washington's Headquarters, or rather Roosevelt's Headquarters, the White House. No one asks to see your passport, nor inquires your business. You go first right up to the main doorway and are casually referred to the left wing by a gold-striped policeman who is leaning against an auto talking with the chauffeur. No Black Eagle to be seen anywhere. You open the door and just walk in, where ten or fifteen persons stand waiting in the reception hall. This is a large, plain waiting-room. No paintings to break the monotony of the buff walls.

White House policemen, dressed like our naval officers, look you over, and pass on your credentials as secret service men unobtrusively loitering about give you the "once over."

You are then passed on to Secretary McKenna, a bald-headed man of fifty-five sitting in the corridor. Other persons waiting look you over like a new arrival at a summer resort. McKenna listens apathetically to your request to see the Private Secretary of the President and waves you to a seat. A man with a sketching board gives you a light for your cigarette. Policemen continue talking to pass away the time. You get the impression that at least one of them has seen some rough service when he tells of having taken somebody by the heels, held him suspended in the air and shaken him. But the person shaken turns out to be his small son, now grown up, who had had croup one night! The three policemen converse on children's maladies, the cares of parenthood, etc.

You observe the statues in the waiting-room, study the head of the old gentleman opposite you reading, as ageing negroes laden with documents shamble past McKenna's desk.

In your mind you keep reviewing the picture of the President of the United States, creator of the N.R.A., Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, who is being talked about by millions of people the world over. And he is only 20 ft. or 30 ft. away from where you sit. You keep calculating your chances to see him.

A giant of a man with grey hair strolls in, looking like one of the older detectives who has been half-way retired to office work in the old police headquarters of Chicago. Very erect he walks, his citizen's uniform (mufti) fits him exceedingly well. He is addressed as Colonel by the police and the White House secretary, McKenna. He must be secret service. The easiest class of men in the United States to identify. Why are detectives' feet distinctive?

A bored-looking, shapeless girl came out of the corridor and asked Mr. McKenna a question. She came to me and explained it would be impossible to photograph the President. I remonstrated with her, and grudgingly she asked me to wait to see Mr. Early, secretary to the President.

Miss Shapeless finally returned to me and less grudgingly invited me inside.

Leaning back in his chair, the President of the United States exclaimed, "Boys, the caption of this picture will be, 'While Secretary of the Treasury held a club over his head the President signed the Gold Bill.'" As well as I recall, the President and I were the only two who laughed. Maybe it wasn't my cue to laugh, but I had successfully laughed at the impromptu jokes of Stalin, Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, Primo de Rivera, and General Calles while photographing them. You have to think quickly, and trust a lot to luck when you are facing dictators. Maybe Roosevelt isn't a dictator, but from the way he sits at his desk facing a battery of flash-bulbs, talks, and moves his head, my snap judgment would be that he can write his own title, with or without the consent of Congress.

While we juggled our cameras and tripods the President did a little monologue, saying, "I feel like Edgar Allan Poe writing the *Gold Bug*." (It's all the same to Press photographers what they do with the people's gold. Few of us even have gold fillings in our teeth!)

If we had as much fun shooting photographs for posterity as Franklin D. does being President, our joy would be reflected on the faces of the subjects. This jovial President acted as if he had just been elected to office, and nobody had told him the facts about life.

He sat in the Presidential chair as easily as Lindbergh fits into an aeroplane. In fact, the atmosphere of the office, with its secretaries, secret service men, a Cabinet member or two, photographers, was that of a round-the-world solo flyer who'd come down for oil and gas for an hour or so.

I can't imagine his opening a conference as Ramsay MacDonald did in London, with the air of a deacon who was about to lead his congregation in prayer. He has the dominating personality of Stalin on public occasions, who, as on all others I observed him, took himself seriously. Roosevelt doesn't, but he takes his job seriously.

I remember Mussolini leaning over the balcony in the old Constanza Theatre in Rome, grimly regarding a couple of boxing gladiators. When one of them folded up under body blows, I glanced back to see if Il Duce would turn his thumb down. He didn't. He just looked bored. I can imagine Roosevelt getting excited at a prize fight.

Mussolini, Stalin, Calles, Primo de Rivera, Hitler, were made possible by circumstances. They all appeared to me to be the natural consequences of chaos. So does Roosevelt. If democracy hadn't failed to measure up to conditions which moved too fast for Parliamentary government Roosevelt, if he had become President, would have been just one more President. There wouldn't have been any N.R.A. If big shot capitalists hadn't first got their feet in the trough, then stretched out in it so nobody else could get near, Roosevelt would not have been signing the Gold Bill yesterday. He just naturally rose to the occasion. The majority, and the large majority of American people don't care a hoot whether N.R.A. is legal, constitutional, or not. If it works, and can't be reconciled with the Constitution, then scrap the Constitution. If it fails, then Hell's afloat for awhile until somebody thinks up another one. But as nobody seems to have come forward with any alternative to N.R.A., I'd bet on it not failing, even though it is revised and rebuilt beyond all recognition.

(To be continued)

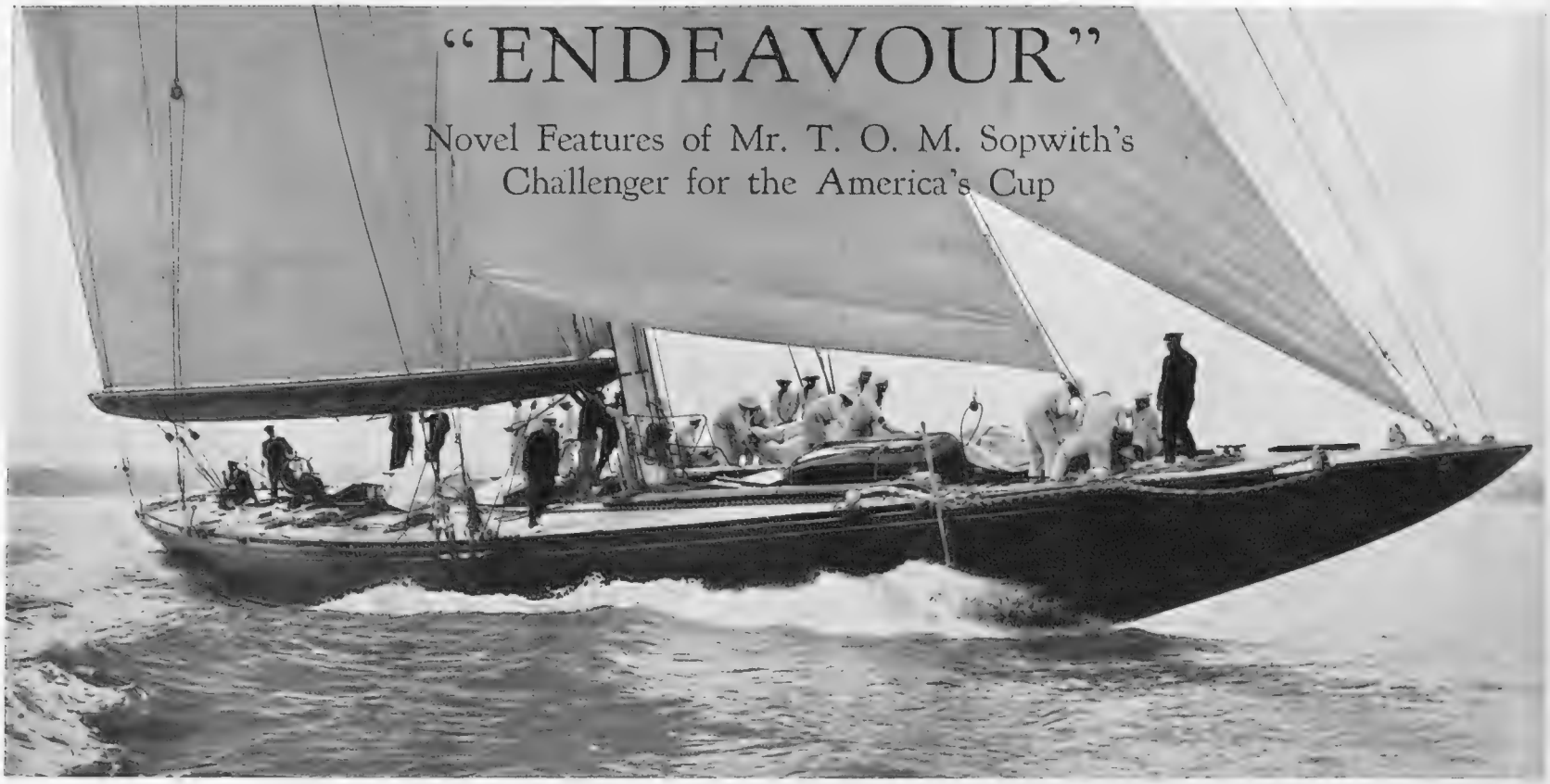
On right—WASHINGTON'S DAILY MOTOR SHOW: Government employees, despite their persistent protests against salary cuts, all seem to own their own cars, which they park in front of, or as near as possible to, the particular building in which they work. On the left of the picture is the N.R.A. headquarters

LUNCH HOUR AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL RECOVERY ADMINISTRATION: The great cafeteria where hundreds of meals are served each day. Prices are extremely low and the food is excellent

OVER HIS HEAD THE PRESIDENT SIGNED THE GOLD BILL: picture. Unlike his predecessor, he is extremely friendly with the Press photographers and will always share his views

"ENDEAVOUR"

Novel Features of Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's Challenger for the America's Cup



STERN DOWN, BOW UP—SAILING LIKE A SKIMMING DISH: *Endeavour* on her trials in the Solent, which she came through with flying colours

"ENDEAVOUR'S" NOVEL HULL: The long overhangs at the bow and the stern have been the subject of criticism, but it must be remembered that this yacht has primarily been built to sail in the very different conditions obtaining on the other side of the Atlantic

NOW that Mr. Sopwith's *Endeavour* has had her first trial the followers of big yacht racing can sigh in relief.

If they take their cue from Mr. Charles Nicholson, they can laugh happily, for the sight of happy laughter was the reward of those who saw the designer disembark on May 8 after his creation's first sail.

Those who translate that omen into spirited optimism may be right, but they are hasty. For Mr. Nicholson would surely have laughed in relief merely to know that the form which his mind had evolved in theory was not a failure in fact.

It would, indeed, be difficult to exaggerate the weight of responsibility which that trial lifted from the shoulders of our star designer. The eyes of two continents were focused on his art, and although it would be a somewhat extravagant analogy to compare his enterprise with Mr. Stanley Spencer's in another sphere, there is nevertheless much about the new yacht's design which breaks away from tradition.

But if *Enterprise's* steel hull with its long overhangs and high topsides makes us reflect that racing-yachts were, perhaps, faster once; and if we see the royal blue hull nearby the black hull of the veteran Watson masterpiece, we must remember that fourteen worthy challengers, built for the most part in the tradition, have failed. And what is innovation on this side of the Atlantic is custom on the other, where rolling ocean "seas" present the naval architect with a problem which our own designers are beginning to recognize as something different from that of the short seas of the Channel and the Clyde.

Indeed the conditions under which the America's Cup races are sailed differ in so many ways from the conditions which the challenger will experience during her trials that it would be, perhaps, unwise to form an inflexible conclusion as to Mr. Sopwith's chances until the racing gear is aboard the *Endeavour* in American waters.

A member of our incomparable judicial bench remarked the other day that persistent failure was as condemnable as persistent crime (his lordship was indulging in a little relaxation in the club). But in the new challenge there is new blood, and before referring to *Endeavour's* special features it would not, perhaps, be out of place to remark Mr. Sopwith's personal attributes as our protagonist against the sailing experts of the New World.

FIRST as champion 12-metre helmsman, and secondly as an aeronautical expert, Mr. Sopwith's achievements commend him to us. Indeed, if the yachtsmen of this country had elected a challenger it is doubtful whether they would have chosen otherwise. For just as Mr. Nicholson has evolved out of accumulated experience a hull which varies from the accepted shape, so has Mr. Sopwith introduced aeronautical principles into sailing ship rigging—and the remonstrance of the sceptical judge can, perhaps, be placated by showing that the fifteenth challenge is of a new kind—the challenge of the practical sailorman-cum-scientist.

Stream-lined rigging is used on both sides of the Atlantic, and last year *Velsheda*—that invaluable aid to Mr. Nicholson's task—experimented with a flexible hollow wooden boom which allowed the foot of the mainsail to continue the flow in the same way as the Starling Burgess "Park Avenue" contrivance did in the successful *Enterprise*.

Endeavour's boom is a development of this principle. It is built of silver spruce, and the desired curvature is obtained by means of wire stays and tackles on the two flat sides (the spar is rounded top and bottom and has flat sides) operating hinged struts which depress the boom in the proper place.

For the first time challenger and defender will be provided with proper accommodation below, and as in the 1930 races, both boats will be built to the same Lloyd's scantlings. This September's rivalry will be, if all goes well, a battle of intelligence and craftsmanship.

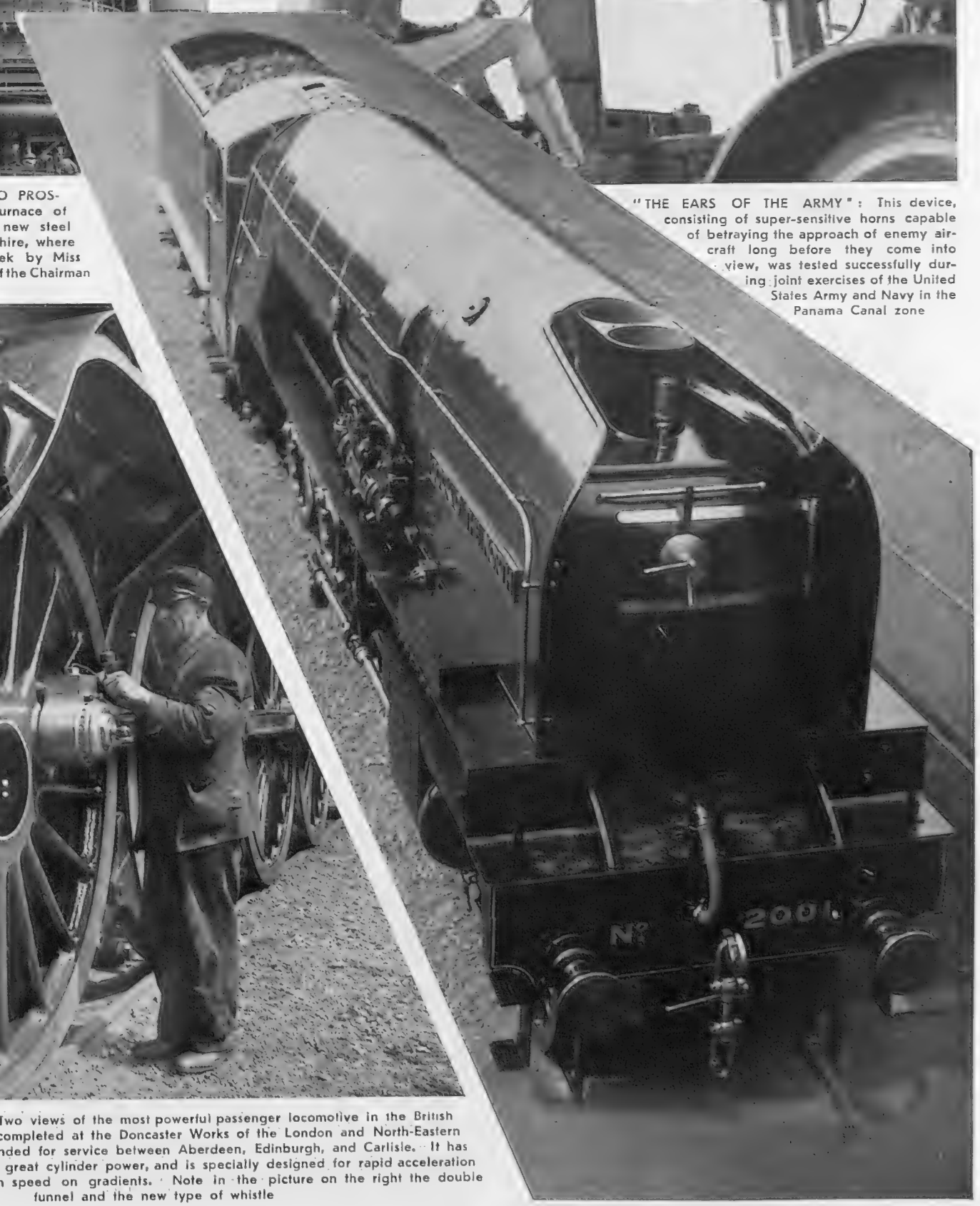
R. G. P.

On right—THE FLEXIBLE BOOM: This is constructed of silver spruce and is designed in such a manner that it can be curved to allow of the sail making the best use of the wind

MECHANICAL

LIGHTING THE WAY BACK TO PROSPERITY: The No. 1 Blast Furnace of Stewarts and Lloyds' giant new steel works at Corby, Northamptonshire, where the first fire was lit last week by Miss Elspeth Macdiarmid, daughter of the Chairman

"THE EARS OF THE ARMY": This device, consisting of super-sensitive horns capable of betraying the approach of enemy aircraft long before they come into view, was tested successfully during joint exercises of the United States Army and Navy in the Panama Canal zone



"COCK O' THE NORTH": Two views of the most powerful passenger locomotive in the British Isles which has just been completed at the Doncaster Works of the London and North-Eastern Railway, and which is intended for service between Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Carlisle. It has an extra large boiler with great cylinder power, and is specially designed for rapid acceleration and for maintaining a high speed on gradients. Note in the picture on the right the double funnel and the new type of whistle

FIGHTING MEN OF FRANCE

FRENCH OFFICERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: The second figure from the left is dressed in the uniform of a cavalry officer in the reign of Louis XIII when Europe was in the throes of the Thirty Years War. The third figure is that of a lieutenant-colonel in the army of Turenne—the great military genius of the reign of Louis XIV

HE FOUGHT FOR H
of the sixteenth
Henry IV, "the gr
French,

A SOLDIER OF THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR: At this time the worthless Philip of Valois had brought France to the verge of ruin, and Edward III of England was ravaging Normandy

A GRENADIER OF 1803, when France was at war with England and the star of the "Little Corporal" was in the ascendant

IN THE DAYS OF THE "CITIZEN KING": A drummer of an infantry regiment in the reign of Louis-Philippe

The French were ever a fighting race. One does not need the new exhibition of French uniforms through the ages, which is now showing at the Invalides Army Museum, to be reminded of that. Yet how it stirs the imagination to walk down that long, narrow, dimly-lit room, past the stiff and staring effigies of men who fought Cæsar, the Black Prince, and Moltke! There are many ways of looking at history and re-living it. From one point of view, after all, the life of a nation—particularly

the French nation—i
consequences. Here
misery of France, the
spear and sword and
time and again.

Here, too, as one s
whose blood still run
Celt, Gaul, Frank, an
Blonde, with flowing
swathed in cloth and
battleaxe and spear,
testimony to the stre
break but never anni
legionary who stands
haughtily at the savag
Third Republic, who
example of Roman
surface and you will

Let us walk on.
Teutonic for comfort),
and Carolingian, pau
living prototype fough
the tenth century.
for he helped to foun
directly, and through
off "Louis Capet's"

THROUGH the AGES:

The Exhibition of Military Uniforms at the Musee des Invalides, Paris

R HENRY OF NAVARRE: A cavalryman
nth century, one of the hardy followers of
he greatest, but above all the most essentially
nch, of all the Kings of France"

IN THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF CHARLEMAGNE: The warrior on the right fought for the great Emperor in his noble attempt to consolidate order and Christian culture among the nations of the West. On the extreme left is a soldier of Julius Cæsar's army

THIRTEENTH CENTURY: A warrior who fought in the disastrous last crusade

FOURTEENTH CENTURY: The cavalryman on the right fought for Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France in the reign of Charles V. Du Guesclin regained nearly all France's lost possessions, and handsomely avenged the reverses of Crécy and Poitiers

—is simply a series of wars and their
Here, in epitome, stands the glory and
, the fighting man of the front line whose
nd bayonet settled the fate of his country

ne starts down the line, are the ancestors
ns through the veins of Frenchmen—
, and their conqueror, the Roman soldier.
ing locks and equally flowing moustaches,
nd leather, grasping tenaciously their
pear, these grim barbarians give silent
strength that the Roman legions could
annihilate. The handsome and civilized
nds at the end of the line in vain looks
avages he conquered; your citizen of the
who visits the museum, may be an excellent
an civilization, but scratch beneath the
vill find a Celt.
on past this Frankish warrior (a bit too
fort), and after a glance at the Merovingian
pause before the sturdy specimen whose
ought for Hugh Capet toward the end of
y. This soldier served his country well,
found a dynasty that was to rule France
ugh its branches, until the Revolution cut
's head.

And here is a Crusader! No collection of soldiers could be complete without one—least of all a French collection. It was not this chap's fault that he fought for that crafty, cold-blooded lawyer disguised as a king, and known to history as Philippe le Bel. Perhaps, indeed, he became a Crusader to get away from Philip, but like all Crusaders of 1300 or thereabouts, he was out of place in the secular, legal, scholastic Europe of his day, and we can pass him by just as history did. The soldier next to him is the better man of the two, with his helmet that looks strangely like the kind the American doughboy wore just a few years ago. That vicious-looking battleaxe is a good symbol of the hard and

(Continued on p. 332)

The ROMANCE of RUBBER

A Commodity which has Made and Lost Fortunes for Planters and Speculators — The New Scheme for Restricting Output

By CHARLES GRAVES

THATCHED HUTS OF NATIVE PLANTATION WORKERS IN THE MALAY STATES—the most important rubber-producing country in the world

IT IS A SIGN of the times that for the past three weeks squeaking toys have not once made an appearance on the floor of the Rubber Exchange in Mincing Lane.

The telephone has hardly been used at all for the purpose of backing horses. Practical jokes have disappeared entirely. There is no time for any by-play now that the Rubber Regulation Scheme has been concluded.

It has taken three years finally to persuade the planters in the Dutch East Indies to agree to a scheme of restriction. If they had not done so they would have been ruined, along with everybody else. Meantime, rubber to-day is slowly climbing the financial hill towards 1s. a pound. In the bad days, two or three years ago, it went as low as $1\frac{3}{4}$d., which was less than the all-in cost price. In the glorious days of 1910 it stood as high as 12s. 10d., and even in 1925 it touched 4s. 6d.

It was that figure that spelt the disaster that has come upon the rubber industry in the last two or three years. The high prices naturally led thousands of people, including particularly the natives of Sumatra and Java, to start new rubber plantations wherever they possibly could. It takes a rubber tree six or seven years to be ready for tapping, with the result that two years ago these millions of new trees produced their "milk" just at the time when the world depression was at its worst and motor cars were disappearing from the roads in droves.

It has been estimated by the experts that 85 per cent of the rubber produced in the world is used in motor car tyres. A long way after come rubber shoes, and then down the scale—sponges, mechanical rubber, surgical rubber, and flooring. In order to regularize the price, the Stevenson Scheme was put into operation. Unfortunately, it had two disadvantages. One was that the Dutch East Indies, which are the second largest rubber producing centre in the world, refused to play the game and restrict output. The other disadvantage was that no limitation of future rubber plantations was insisted upon. Despite this, the price of rubber ascended the scale several pence a pound, and it was a terrible shock for the rubber growers when Mr. Baldwin, as Prime Minister, suddenly jettisoned the scheme at six months' notice.

THE NEW REGULATION SCHEME has taken years of hard work on the part of Mr. Gallagher of the Rubber Growers Association to achieve. Roughly speaking, it means the output of rubber will be temporarily restricted to 87 per cent. Many people consider that at least 25 per cent is needed, in view of the existence of over 500,000 tons of rubber stocks—a figure at least double the necessary amount. Every year up till now for some time past, 1,050,000 tons of rubber has been produced, and only 900,000 tons consumed. This was bound to lead to trouble, especially when the consumption, in view of the world depression, tended to decrease.

The new scheme applies to Malaya, Netherlands India, Ceylon, India, including Burma, French Indo-China, North Borneo, Sarawak, and Siam. Imagine the negotiations necessary to cause restrictions and arrange details between eight different Governments. Of these countries the four important ones are Malaya, Netherlands India, Ceylon, and Sarawak. In the case of Malaya, the quota assigned for 1934 is 504,000 tons; for Netherlands India 352,000 tons; for Ceylon 77,500 tons; and for Sarawak 24,000 tons. Further to safeguard the industry, an advisory panel of three experts from England, the United States, and some third country is to be set up. This may be Japan, because its consumption of rubber has increased enormously and now stands at 63,000 tons a year. Great Britain uses 84,000 tons, and the United States a matter of 400,000 tons, practically half the world's total. This is understandable when one realizes that out of the 30,000,000 motor cars in the world, 25,000,000 are owned by citizens of the United States.

ON A MALAYAN RUBBER PLANTATION: Extracting the precious liquid from the tree

THE IMPORTANCE to the British public of this Regulation Scheme is shown by the fact that between 100 and 150 million pounds of English capital is sunk in rubber. All told, there are 600 important English estates in Malaya, Ceylon, and Sumatra. It is hoped that the Regulation Scheme will cause the price to rise to at least 9d. a pound. Even when it is standing at 6d. most well-managed estates can show a profit, but obviously an extra 3d. a pound will make all the difference in the world. What is more, the experts assure me that unless it rises to at least 1s. 6d. a pound, there will be no justification for manufacturers to make any appreciable increase in the price of motor car tyres or anything else for which rubber is used. The reason being that the wages and the chemicals form such a high percentage of the overhead costs that the difference of a few pence per pound in the price of rubber should have entirely negligible results.

Meantime, every effort is being made by producers to create conditions which will bring about a natural balance between the production and consumption of rubber rather than to place an indefinite reliance on governmental regulation. Accordingly, the Rubber Regulation Agreement invites all eight Governments except Sarawak and Siam to levy some small tax on the export of rubber, the proceeds of which would be applied to research in connection with new and extended uses for rubber. A few years ago the fashion for wearing crêpe soles produced a marked effect on the demand and consequently the price of rubber. Unfortunately the fashion has gone out. What is really wanted is some new process whereby rubber can compete seriously with linoleum.

When one looks round at the million and one uses of this commodity from hose pipes to hot water bottles, and from sponges to rubber rings, it is extraordinary to realize how very recently the uses of rubber have been appreciated by civilization. It is a tragi-comedy too, to read that authoritative book *The Reign of Rubber*, published in 1922, in which the author says "A serious question confronts us. Can there be produced in the world crude rubber enough to supply the present tremendous demand?" Little did he realize the situation that was about to occur, or that artificial means would be necessary to restrict production.

To be historical for a moment, rubber was first used in England in the reign of George III, and then only for removing the marks of blacklead pencils. The first patent for its employment as a waterproofing medium was not taken out until 1791. The further development of this is naturally associated with the firm of Messrs. Charles Macintosh and Company. But the modern extension of rubber manufacture was only rendered possible by the accidental discovery in 1839 of the process of combining rubber with sulphur known us vulcanization. Yet it was not until 1876 that the production of rubber was treated seriously and scientifically. Incidentally, I cannot think why some enterprising film producer has not made a picture out of the romantic but utterly dishonest enterprise of the late Sir Henry Wickham. Wickham was commissioned to supply the seeds of rubber trees to the Indian Government. At that time he was staying in the rubber country of the Amazon, but the Brazilian authorities were, of course, opposed to the export of the seed. It was a remarkable bit of luck which enabled Wickham to dodge the authorities. A tramp steamer, trading to the Amazon, was abandoned without a return freight. Wickham boldly chartered the steamer on behalf of the Indian Government, although he had neither cash nor securities; and all hands were pressed into the service of collecting the seeds. The question was how to get them out of the country.

IN HIS NARRATIVE Wickham says, "It was perfectly certain in my mind that if the authorities guessed the purpose of what I had on board, we should be detained under the plea of instructions from the central Government at Rio, if not indicted altogether." In any event, delay would have rendered the seeds useless. So he got hold of the English consul and with him made a special call on the chief of the district, to whom they said that they had "exceedingly delicate botanical specimens specially designed for delivery to Her Britannic Majesty's own Royal Gardens at Kew." The bluff worked. Flowery compliments were exchanged, and they were able to sail to England. At Liverpool a special train was sent to meet him, and the 7,000 young seeds were promptly planted. A fortnight later they had sprouted. Shoots were sent to Ceylon, and the plantation industry was started. From Ceylon they spread to Singapore; seed from these trees were sent to Borneo and Malaya. Ultimately other seeds went to the Dutch East Indies and, in fact, all over the world.

There is this little note of warning to append. I am assured by friends on the Rubber Exchange that while many brokers have been making a nice bit of money on the market in the past few days, the orders have been largely speculative, and the real trade orders have yet to come. No doubt they will, but as the sergeant-major said, "Wait for it."

GRACE *in the* OPEN AIR

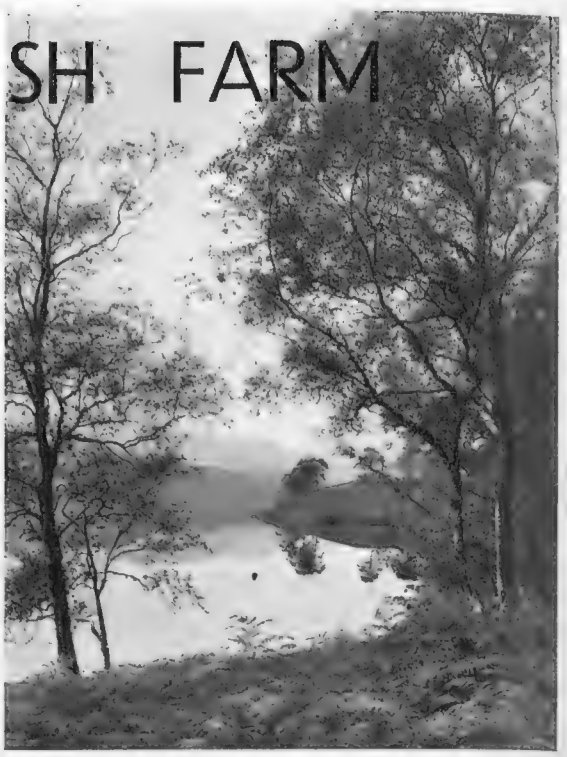
MODERN BEAUTY MODELLED ON THE LINES OF ANCIENT GREECE: Where superb physical fitness is combined with feminine grace

DANSE D'AVRIL: Pupils rehearsing a dance which they gave before the Prince of Wales when he attended the annual meeting of the Shaftesbury Homes at the Queen's Hall

BALLET ON THE SANDS: Pupils of the Grove School of Dancing enjoying a lesson in the open air on the beach at North Shore, Scarborough

SPRING ON A SCOTTISH FARM

THERE MAY STILL BE SNOW high up on the hills around the farm, for the summits here will hold a snowfall for a considerable time. This snow cornice faces the north at a height of 3,160 ft. in the neighbourhood of Loch Ericht



THE LOCH IS A MIRROR under the calm May sunlight, while the blackcock sings in the larches

BUT DOWN AT THE FARMHOUSE LEVEL there is no trace of these snowy conditions. The warm days of early May brought blossom and leaf into being with a rush. The long white house faces the loch, tranquil under a sun of growing strength

Drawn by Percy Home

DOWN TOWARDS THE LOCH the black-faced sheep ramble. The slope of the ground is broken by a rocky knoll surmounted by picturesque fir trees. A dusting of snow still clings to the heights

CATTLE ARE ONCE MORE IN FAVOUR on the Northern farms. They do good work in trampling down the bracken—the excessive growth of which is a real problem to-day. Both these pictures were taken on Scottish farmlands

Notes from a Highland Farmer's Diary

SPRING has been late in coming this year; in spite of an exceptionally mild February—which enabled the farmer to finish all ploughing, even the "red" land before the end of that month.

March and April were cold and bleak, but with a few bright spots—the promise of better things to come. With the first week in May everything came with a rush; the countryside became a foam of fruit blossom, wild cherry, plum and pear, and blackthorn. Early rhododendrons were to be seen in many places and the cottage gardens became a mass of colour, narcissus and wallflowers, tulips, forget-me-not, aubretia, and many more spring favourites; the woods were full of primroses, violets—they came rather later than usual this year and no wild hyacinths were to be seen.

At the same time the cuckoo arrived in most places, but was not "calling" much, and the first swallows were observed, though not in any number. Some farmers have had trouble during lambing-time this year, especially the farms with early lambs—cold winds and dry ground do not help the ewes in milk, and the farms on the high ground were badly hit by the late snow in April—the first fall of the year in many places. In most places the spring-sown oats are showing well up now, and they are busy planting potatoes with gangs of helpers from other farms. It is the custom in these parts for the work such as potato-planting and "lifting" and sheep-clipping to be done with the help of neighbouring farms, each farm helping the other over this particular kind of work which has to be got through quickly once started

WE are in the midst of lambing on this farm (rather more than half way through)—it means hard work for the shepherd and his collie as he has to go right round his flock of some 450 blackfaced ewes at least twice every day and sometimes more. Hill sheep seem to be more susceptible to disease than they used to be. This is traced to a number of reasons—insufficient heather burning being the cause of some diseases which are carried by ticks such as tick fever, louping ill (or trembling) and are not sufficiently destroyed. Much of the land is lacking in lime and phosphates which has been carried away in the form of animals sold. Few people realize that sheep are a comparatively new form of farming in the Highlands—they have only been reared to any extent for the past 150 years. During this time much of the land has been overstocked and become "sheep sick" in consequence.

There was a time when farmers and landowners found sheep a very paying proposition. This seems to have led to over-production and lower prices, and the swing seems in favour of cattle again—the original occupants of much of the hill pasture.

Cattle do more good to the land than sheep, they are not such selective feeders and trample and keep down the bracken (one of the real problems in land improvement). It is alarming how it has spread the last fifty years and it is still on the increase, in spite of the compensation offered for cutting it on arable land. It would be a good thing if this were extended to all classes of land, as with wages at their present level it is impossible for the tenant farmer to undertake this clearing work to any extent.

Early this month the last snow disappeared from the high-tops; the loch is looking quite calm and reflects the young green of the trees, and the blackcock is singing his particularly lovely song somewhere up in the larches. Curlew, plover, and oyster-catchers are calling on the low ground, all busy with nesting arrangements. Will it be too much to hope for another summer like last year?

D. P.

NESTING TIME

And Other Pictures from the Provinces

A QUEER NESTING PLACE: These two pictures, taken on a Streatley estate, show how a pheasant laid her eggs in an old bucket. In the right-hand view the mother is shown proudly ensconced

Below—IN A LINCOLNSHIRE TULIP FIELD: Picking blooms for the London market

A NEW USE FOR INVOICES: A remarkable nest built by a pair of thrushes at Dinedor, near Hereford. The outer edge was trimmed with strips of paper which, when examined, proved to be invoices

A STATELY ENGLISH HOME: A delightful spring-time scene in Knole Park, near Sevenoaks. Knole, the historic seat of the Sackville-Wests, is one of the finest and most interesting baronial mansions in England, and to-day remains almost as it was in the time of the Stuarts. The park has an area of 1,000 acres and has a circumference of about five miles. *(Special "Sphere" picture by A. Console)*

BYRON AND THE WOMAN WHO MOST INFLUENCED HIS LIFE: *Left*—Countess Guiccioli, who at the age of seventeen married a man over forty years her senior. In April, 1819, she met the great poet, and both were immediately attracted towards each other. *Right*—Lord Byron, from a miniature in the possession of Marchesa Costanza Guiccioli. These illustrations are taken from Isabel Clarke's story of the tragic friendship of Shelley and Byron which has just been published by Hutchinson

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

In the Month of May

Commenting upon my remarks about the selling of books by newspapers, a reader weighs in with the perennial complaint that book prices are too high. He looks upon the newspaper schemes as a step towards a general book price reduction. He may be right. But the remedy is in the hands of the people who buy books.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY: A girl of fine intellect and great character whom Shelley married in 1816

New books, let's face it, are a luxury. So is a stall at a West-end theatre. A book is an attractive and as constant a companion as you care to make it, yet people who grumble at the price will cheerfully pay double as much for an evening's transitory enjoyment.

(I'm talking about *new* books, mark you. There are plenty of cheap modern books in handy reprint series. A post-card to the National Book Council, 3, Henrietta Street, W.C. 2, will bring you a comprehensive selection from all publishers' lists in a booklet called *Modern Pocket Editions*.)

Yet people want new books just as they demand new plays and other forms of entertainment. Why can they seldom get them at a price of under 7s. 6d.? If a reprint can be sold at 3s. 6d., or even 2s., where does the balance come in?

It is a result of that mysterious national habit known as "changing the book." In no country in the world is the library system so powerfully entrenched as it is here. Quite recently its growth has been abnormal, due to the introduction of the twopenny libraries by two enterprising young men.

The library system automatically restricts the output of any one book. Each copy goes to at least ten, perhaps twenty houses. Afterwards the copy is sold off cheaply as an "ex-library" book.

If the same number of people bought instead of borrowed that book, the publisher would print that number of copies more, the cost of production would drop, and so would the price.

If playgoers could *borrow* theatre seats on the same terms theatre prices would go up.

The laws of supply and demand operate in the book trade as well as in any other industry. In the long run it is the consumer who fixes prices.

Two air books claim our attention this week; books of adventure, hardship, and endurance. Both of them are surprisingly well written by men who are first airmen, pioneers, and men of action. Is there a new literature of the air springing up to challenge the literature of the sea?

No two enterprises could be more widely dissimilar. One tells the story of a 7,000 mile flight in the smallest aeroplane in the world, the other of a triumph of giant machines in an organized flight.

MY AIR ARMADA (Hurst and Blackett. 18s.) is Air-Marshal Balbo's own story of a flight which captured the imagination and admiration of the whole world. It is no mere documented reminiscence, but a day to day account of the sights, sounds, experiences, and adventures of the flight en route, together with a comprehensive survey of the preparations before they started. The book reads as if Air-Marshal Balbo did nothing but report accurately everything he encountered as he went along; a remarkable feat when we consider the strain of leadership and organization which he had to shoulder.

THE SCARLET ANGEL (Duckworth. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Alban Ali's account of how he set out from Assam to fly to London in his Comper Swift, the tiniest and cheapest of British aeroplanes with a top speed of 130 m.p.h. He might have made it if he hadn't stopped at Delhi to compete in the Viceroy's Cup Air Race, finishing sixth, but putting a tremendous strain on his Scarlet Angel.

Alas, she packed up in the desert beyond Cairo, but not before she had put up a brave show, and given her pilot the opportunity to collect material for this bright chronicle of adventure and gossip by the way.

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy is very angry with biographers who turn out books without quoting their sources and references. I am afraid that his obloquy would descend upon Miss Isabel C. Clarke, who quotes freely in SHELLEY AND BYRON (Hutchinson. 18s.), but disdains footnotes, and contents her readers with a list of "Principal Authorities Consulted" at the end.

Miss Clarke tells us nothing very new about these two who, lost in stormy visions, strove with phantoms in unprofitable strife. Yet she can make a personality vivid without dimming its brightness, and for those who do not know the story she has made a good one of the tangled friendship of two uneasy geniuses.

In THE HEART OF FRANCE (Selwyn & Blount. 10s. 6d.) I like the way Mr. George Slocombe has shaped to his subject. Here is no long dithyramb on the picturesque, on the eternal food, the still more eternal wine, on the châteaux, the vineyards, the Quartier Latin and its dreary Bohemian "celebrities." It is a great and gracious tribute to the most civilized country in the world, by a gifted writer who can still allow himself the candour of a true friend.

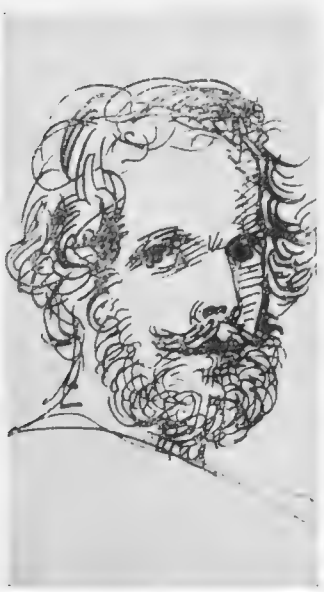
Every aspect of French life is touched upon; every corner of the country explored, and, what is more, the author can put his interpretation into prose worthy of his great subject.

GRAN CHACO CALLING, by Meredith H. Gibson (Witherby. 10s. 6d.) is a grand story of adventure in that hideous piece of jungle which is now the subject of a war between Paraguay and Bolivia. It is a place of green horror (the word Chaco means hiding place in the local dialect) and even its adventurous champion, the author, cannot dissipate its sinister reputation.

SHORT STORIES, SCRAPS, AND SHAVINGS (Constable. 7s. 6d.) has previously been available only for those rich and devout disciples of Mr. George Bernard Shaw who subscribed to the Limited Collected Edition of his Works.

For ninety pence only the *hoi polloi* may read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Master's shavings, collected over a period dating from the early 'eighties onwards, and bumped out by the *Black Girl*. Should they suffer indigestion from the heavy Shavian hand upon the delicate art of the short story, they may find solace in the wood-cuts of Mr. John Farleigh who provides an æsthetic release from the pantaloonic paroxysms which form the burden of this collection.

(*Continued on p.* 332)



EDWARD TRELAWNY, who in 1821 made Shelley's acquaintance at Pisa. He wrote "Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author"

THE GREAT ROMANTIC: A portrait of Lord Byron by Vincenzo Camuccini. It is now in the Galleria S. Luca, Rome

THACKERAY AS A DRAUGHTSMAN: *Extreme left*—A delightful sketch entitled "Boulevardiers" which is included in an album of Thackeray's drawings and autograph letters formed by John Mitchell Kemble. It is to be sold at Sotheby's on May 30. *Left*—"MR. JOSEPH ENTANGLED": A water-colour drawing by Thackeray for the first number of *Vanity Fair*

On page 332 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

"DANS LA LOGE," BY CZEDEKOWSKI: A notable exhibit in the 1934 French Salon in which the artist depicts the more serious type of opera-goer

"LA SERENATA," BY MME JEANNE PHILIPPAR-QUINET: A study in light and shade reminiscent of the work of Chardin and Meunier. *(French Salon)*

ART in PARIS and LONDON

PRIMAVERA": Springtime in the studio, by Braitou-Sala — another prominent exhibitor at the French Salon

"STARTING HOMEWARDS": An aspect of rural life delicately portrayed by Andre-Auguste Charigny. The treatment is definitely modern. *(French Salon)*

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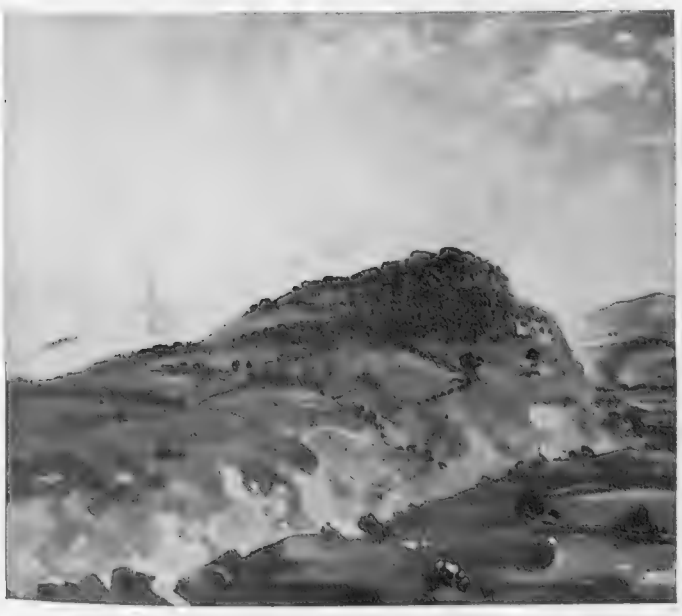
"H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE": A forceful character study by Cathleen Mann at Burlington House. She has also been exhibiting at Messrs. Knoedlers



Left — "DEVONSHIRE": A landscape by T. L. B. Huskinson, who is holding an exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery. Mr. Huskinson, who is now art master at Radley College, is one of the most promising of the younger British painters

Right — "THE THANET COAST": An Academy picture by Campbell A. Mellon — an artist who has made the sea and the seaside his special study

THE GREAT ILLUSION: Cinema audiences see their favourite star accompanying herself on the piano with the voice of a nightingale. In reality it is more than probable that she was merely opening and shutting her mouth and going through the motions of playing. The sounds were provided by artists behind the "set" with more musical ability but less glamour than the star

CINEMATOGRAPHIC ILLUSIONS

The Gentle Art of Trick Photography

By VAL GUEST

Snow—miles upon miles of it—either white and shimmering in the sun, or clouded by a whirl of falling snowflakes . . .

These are everyday scenes to the filmgoer, yet have you ever paused to wonder how Nature can be made to snow to order? Have you ever pondered over the readiness of those rainstorms you witness so often in pictures? It would seem that film-producing companies are the luckiest in the world. They have only to say, "We will make a film with an earthquake," and somewhere or other they can have a cameraman recording just such an earthquake!

But life is not so easy for a film director. If he waited for the elements he would be weeks and weeks over his allotted schedule. So, instead, he makes his own elements!

Most of the snow you witnessed in *Queen Christina* was painted canvas, and the small area on which the actors walk was composed of gypsum and salt. These two ingredients are spread over a groundwork of soft plaster, which builds up and helps to give the softly rounded appearance that snow invariably has.

In the same picture you may remember a road scene on which snow had fallen heavily, and which had been traversed by horses and coaches and men. The imprints were made first, and then the road farther on was given a slushy look by pouring over it a mixture of rusty iron water and burnt umber.

And so, without any of the discomforts which usually attend a snowfall, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios filmed a completely snow-bound Swedish village without even getting cold!

Do you remember the snow-fall in *Little Women*? How unromantic this fall looked to the property-men who engineered it! It was effected by huge coarse-wired baskets containing pounds and pounds of untoasted cornflakes. This contraption was suspended out of range of the camera and gently swung to and fro, thereby sifting the "snow" slowly into the scene.

I am often asked how actors cope with the danger entailed by acting in such close proximity to wild animals in so many films.

The best example of this is the film *Mala the Magnificent*, the Arctic picture in which Mala is depicted harpooning a polar bear from a distance of about five yards. Now if this scene were really played so it would entail not only great danger for the actors but for the cameraman and director who would have to keep perfectly still while the scene was being "shot," and would therefore be unarmed and unprepared in the event of any slip.

Actually when this scene was shot the bear was not even in sight of Mala or her frail-looking craft. Here is the way it was done:

A cameraman in a substantial motor-boat obtained a good view-point from which the polar bear could be seen. Then, with the aid of his special camera, on which was fitted a long-range focal lens, he photographed the animal at a safe distance of a hundred yards knowing that when the picture reached the screen the bear would be magnified so that the effect would be that it had been photographed from a distance of a few feet.

This was how the effect in *Mala the Magnificent* was obtained. The bear having been photographed from a distance was allowed to go on its way.

The film of his departure was then developed and projected on a screen in the Hollywood studios. The actors were placed in a "prop" boat in front of the screen and stage-hands rocked the dummy boat to give the appearance of "breasting the waves." Then, a special motor which synchronized both projection machine and camera, was brought into play while the actors went through all the actions of pursuit and capture.

Thus are your thrills manufactured!

King Kong was photographed by this process of "wedding" several strips of film together. The features of this truly wonderful piece of studio craftsmanship were the reptilian monsters that came to life so readily. These were all composed of flexible rubber—in some cases miniatures were made and magnified—but "King Kong" himself was hollow and manned by a veritable crew of electricians and property-men!

Few people realize that sound is magnified to such tremendous volume on the screen that ordinary everyday sound waves would seem like thunder if recorded in their natural volume. Practically all sound effects heard on the screen, with the exception of human voices, are entirely synthetic.

A babbling brook, for instance, is photographed without sound. The real noise of a brook when produced on a sound-track would seem like the crash of tons of coal on a conservatory! The "babbling" is much more realistically effected by gently throwing pieces of cork against a fine-meshed screen from a slowly revolving cylinder.

The sounds of a jungle are invariably born in the effects room at the studio. The majority of jungle scenes are photographed "silent" and the roars and bird-cries added later.

Again, a car crashing into a brick wall is photographed with the sound-track unused. The bricks which tumble so realistically over the car and its occupants are made of papier maché and plaster and are therefore considerably less harmful than the real thing. The "crash" is mechanically-made and added, or "dubbed," to the silent film.

Even the chairs that are smashed over the actors' heads; doors which are splintered by the impact of a human body; tables which are flung about in fight scenes are all made of balsa wood—a peculiar wood that is as light as cork but not so durable. Here again the scene is photographed without sound and the accompanying noises are added later. The smack of the hero's fist against the villain's jaw is equally synthetic. Actually the "punch" is a gentle tap made in close proximity to the microphone long after the scene has been taken.

Rain falling on the roof, the rat-tat of machine guns, the crack of a revolver, the chime of church bells, the tearing of paper, the "clop-clop" of galloping horses—all these are the creation of sound experts.

Even fog has to be made. The real thing is not real enough for the screen! A mixture of chemical is fried in a pan and the haze that arises from this mixture is denser, and for film purposes much more realistic, than any fog experienced by Londoners at the City's foggiest.

Nature in most cases has to take second place to the ingenuity of film makers.

Storms at sea are always made in the studio. I remember once spending an edifying three hours watching First National "shoot" a scene in one of their pictures called *Central Airport*.

A passenger 'plane had been forced down into the stormy Caribbean Sea. Six people clung to the disabled machine as it rocked and reeled under the savage buffeting of the heavy sea. The rain slashed down, lightning seared the sky with all the realism of a tropical storm—and it was all done under my very eyes barely three miles from the Burbank Studios!

A lake of an acre of water was used by the studio for this sequence. Commencing at seven o'clock at night, the director, the actors, and the effects experts completed the scene without hitch or accident by dawn the next day.

The lake was illuminated by forty arc lamps which lit the big aluminium aeroplane in the centre of the miniature sea. Half-way between the machine and the shore a covered platform was anchored. On this

(Continued on p. 332)

WHAT THE EYE DOES NOT SEE: When the film is shown the audience witnesses a simple, affecting scene between a mother and her child. Actually this was played before a crowd of "hard-boiled" cameramen and technicians

On left — ALL AT SEA: This picture was taken in the studio; the fog was artificially created

THE WILDS IN THE STUDIO: Tom Walls directing Ralph Lynn and Dorothy Hyson in the screen version of *Love in the Rough*. Reconstructions of open-air scenes in the studios nowadays achieve a remarkable degree of verisimilitude

On right—"WE TWO ARE NOT ALONE"—but fortunately for the producer the audience thinks so

THE NEW V-8 SALOON DE LUXE (4 DOORS), £280, AT WORKS

The Calendar suggests Racing, Horse-Shows, Gymkhanas, and the like . . . .

What fitter car is there in which to enjoy them?
This New V-8 has draught-free ventilation at its most efficient, on top of all the *other* features which amaze even motorists familiar with the original V-8.
Priced as it is, despite its super-excellence in all that makes a fine car worthwhile, it is a whole lecture in Value Predominant!
May we send you the literature of this New V-8, and the nearest Dealer's name and address? He will enjoy your putting it through its paces, sampling its wealth of attractive qualities.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

She is as logical as she is charming. She finally has chosen Craven "A" by a process of elimination. Are they not the most satisfying—the kindest to her throat? Are they not always in perfect condition wherever she buys them? Therefore, being a logical young lady, she has decided to keep to Cork-tipped Craven "A".

TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING

ITALY'S ADRIATIC RIVIERA

BLUE SKIES AND GOLDEN SANDS: The famous Lido at Venice, showing the long perspective of bathing shelters

NOW THAT SUMMER holidays are being planned it would be well, before coming to a decision, to examine the claims of Italy's Adriatic Riviera in this respect.

The stretch of coast comprised in this title is from Abbazia, on the Gulf of Quarnero, on the eastern side of the Adriatic, round by Pola, with the Isles of Brioni opposite, to Grado, then to Venice, and on to Rimini, Cattolica, and as far south on the western Adriatic coast as Francavilla.

There are many seaside resorts, large and small, along this wide stretch of coast which lends itself remarkably to modern requirements for a holiday resort by the sea, in that it has beaches which slope gently to the sea and which are composed of fine sand, whilst the water is shallow, even at some distance from the shore, so that bathing is quite safe and can be indulged in under the most pleasant conditions. Moreover, under the Fascist regime very great improvements have been made in the condition of all Italian resorts where tourists are received, and those on the Adriatic Riviera are among the best in the country, whilst such has been the improvement also in travel, that it is an easy and pleasant journey to get to any part of this delightful region for a summer holiday.

The Queen of Adriatic resorts, as also of the Adriatic, is Venice, and for those who have never seen this wonderland of waterways and palaces, with over a thousand years of history, which once held the monopoly of the trade of the East with the West, and amassed riches so fabulous that it was able to acquire many of the artistic treasures of the world, there could be no more enjoyable holiday than to spend it here. Venice is unlike any other city in the world; it is impossible to paint its beauty in too glowing terms—its wonderful light, its shades of colour, the exquisite harmony of its buildings; to see the Piazza San Marco is to realize the creative genius of the Italian race, and to glide peacefully in a gondola down the Grand Canal, under the Rialto Bridge, and along the smaller waterways, is to be wafted back into a great deal of that which was glorious of the historic past and to marvel at the beauty of the builders of bygone ages.

But, for the holiday-maker, Venice has another, and a very modern, side. It has a golf course, and it has a bathing beach, the Lido, which, for brightness and beauty, and for the modernity of its hotels and restaurants, and its bathing facilities, can vie with any other on the Continent of Europe. It is 7½ miles in length, and from 300 to 1,000 yards wide, and the beach, of sand, slopes gradually seawards for a distance of 3 miles, which renders bathing and boating ideal. Tastefully laid-out parks and gardens, beautifully tree-shaded avenues, occupy the foreshore, and among these are those luxurious hotels for which the Lido of Venice is renowned.

A MODERN RESORT WITH A STIRRING HISTORY: A general view of the wide sea-front at Rimini. In ancient times the town was captured in turn by the Byzantines, the Goths, the Langobards, and the Franks

Abbazia, on the Gulf of Quarnero, and Laurano, which is quite nearby, are charming seaside resorts, with great natural beauty and an excellent summer climate. Hotels and bathing arrangements are good, and there are many shady walks along by the coast, and inland, which reveal the luxuriance of the vegetation of the surrounding country. Abbazia has the advantage of a casino and a golf course, picturesquely situated amongst the hills, and interesting excursions therefrom are to the far-famed grottoes of Postumia, and to Monte Maggiore, whilst not very far off, at the head of the Gulf of Quarnero, is the delightful little island of Lussino, with its own pretty health resorts of Lussinpiccolo and Lussingrande. Abbazia and Laurano are connected by a good service of steamers with Fiume, and electric trams link them up with the main railway line at Mattuglie.

The Isle of Brioni Maggiore, which lies opposite Pola on the mainland, the most important naval base in the Adriatic and the second largest city of Istria with most interesting remains of Roman times, has for many years ranked as one of the leading health resorts of the Adriatic. Thirty years ago it was almost barren; to-day it has a wealth of vegetation which is almost tropical. The citron, magnolia, and palm grow to perfection, a tribute to the mildness of the climate. Modern hotels, a fine bathing beach at Saluga with all forms of aquatic sport, an eighteen-hole golf course, and a polo ground aid in making Brioni Maggiore a delightful holiday place, and its own boat service to Pola is a great asset, whilst it can be reached with ease by steamship and aeroplane services from Venice, Trieste, and Fiume.

On a little island, a very short distance off the coast, between Trieste and Venice, lies Grado, a typical little Venetian town, with a fine sandy beach, having a gentle slope, and splendid accommodation for visitors. During the season there are fêtes, concerts, and entertainments of many kinds, and Grado is increasing in popularity rapidly. The older part of the town has an interesting cathedral, and a noteworthy little basilica, that of Santa Maria delle Grazie, whilst a pleasing excursion from Grado is to nearby Aquilieia, a city of the Roman Empire which was destroyed by Attila the Hun in 452.

On the Western Adriatic there are two very desirable holiday resorts—Rimini and Cattolica. Both are on the Romagna coast, Rimini having the advantage of being very near to the extremely interesting little Republic of San Marino—the smallest Republic in the world, and yet one with a record of more than sixteen centuries of liberty. Rimini itself, which has fine bathing facilities, up-to-date hotels, good arrangements for amusements, and is a well-laid-out modern resort, dates from ancient times, for it is the Ariminum of old, captured by the Byzantines, the Goths, the Langobards, and then by the Franks, who gave it up to the Pope when it was governed by counts. Finally, coming under the power of the Holy Roman Empire, it was given self-government, and the right to coin its own money, but eventually, after a brilliant period under the Malatesta, Rimini reverted to the Pope in the year 1528, and forfeited its independence.

NESTLING BENEATH WOODED HILLS: Abbazia—a beautiful resort on the eastern side of the Adriatic

ON THE ISLAND OF BRIONI MAGGIORE: A delightfully situated bathing station

Cattolica, a little farther to the south along the coast, is a very modern resort, with excellent bathing facilities and a very animated life in the summer time, and the good accommodation it offers to visitors is winning for it a well-deserved fame. Both it and Rimini are on the main line to Brindisi and thus they can be reached from this country by through trains by way of Bologna. Special reductions in fares are offered to seaside resorts on the Adriatic on the Italian State Railways.

THE BEACH AT CATTOLICA: Note, on the left of this picture, the novel type of sun-shelters

Edward E. Long

"A-HUNTING WE WILL GO": Nelson Keys and Audrey Acland in a humorous sketch from *Why Not To-night?*—the latest success at the Palace Theatre

OPERA IN MUSICAL COMEDY VEIN: Hell as depicted in the last act of *Schwanda*, the new opera at Covent Garden based on Czech folk-lore. Hell has its own cocktail bar, and a Devil who plays cards with his subjects

OPERA, PLAYS, AND

"C. L. Anthony" Scores Another Success: "Once Upon a Time"—Improbabilities in an Interesting Play: "Schwanda"—Sophisticated Musical Comedy at Covent Garden

By PHILIP PAGE

TO WATCH the steady progress of Miss Dodie Smith ("C. L. Anthony") is gratifying.

There is a section of theatre-going opinion which is fond of awaiting the second play of a dramatist who has hit the bull's-eye with his or her first play and then declaring that it is "Not another So-and-So." That is a frame of mind which appears to suggest that our dramatists should write plays as alike as peas in a pod and be damned if they do not.

Miss Smith's *Service* was not another *Autumn Crocus*, nor, I imagine, was it intended to be. I thought it a much better play, but the public did not, for it did not run nearly so long. *Touch Wood* is beyond a doubt a better play than either. If it does not increase the author's fortune to the extent that *Autumn Crocus* did, it is not likely to upset the present and pleasant habit at the Haymarket Theatre of indulging in first nights with extreme rarity. In short, it looks like achieving the success it deserves.

I do not understand the Ibsen comparison which has been widely mentioned on no other grounds, apparently, than that the chief male character in this play is an architect, and that Ibsen wrote a play called *The Master Builder*. Ibsen wrote *The Wild Duck*, which is not in the least like *The Bing Boys*, in which I remember Mr. George Robey sang about a duck. There are some suggestions in *Touch Wood* of Barrie and of *Before Sunset*, and little streaks of quite a lot of plays; but the author Miss Dodie Smith most resembles here is Miss Dodie Smith. Her style is more certain, and her development of personalities is carried out in greater detail and with a firmer touch. But she still, rightly, goes to real life instead of unreal romantics for her inspiration, and gives us first-hand as well as first-rate material, instead of copies of copies. In this respect I grant she is Ibsenish.

Her characters are staying in an hotel in Scotland. Except for a couple of performing children, all of them are interesting. I dislike performing children on the stage as heartily as I dislike performing animals; the latter are said to be ill-treated by their trainers, but it is much more certain that the former cause those who have to watch them exquisite agony, and I would point out that the initials S.P.C.A. could also stand for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Audiences, of which I would willingly become a life member and the donor of a heavy annual subscription.

We are shown two sets of married couples, both sets becoming slightly unstuck. The Herriots are not young, but they are not so old that Mr. Herriot is impervious to the violent love-making of a pretty girl of twenty-two who has marked him for her own, and who drags him in a motor boat to look for a non-existent scarf on a remote rock in order to tell him so, to recite Coleridge in the rays of the setting sun, and, most important of all, to extract a kiss of the long, clinging, Hollywooden sort. The other couple are older and coarser, but the man gets there just the same.

Except for some all-round sympathy supplied by Miss Flora Robson, some unforced humour by Mr. Eric Cowley and Mr. Dennis Arundell (with song), and some romping by the detestable children—who should have been taken out to that desolate rock before the curtain rose, and left there—that is, in effect, the play. The marriages are patched up again somehow in an explanatory last act, which is the weakest of the three. Miss Marie Ney goes far to redeem this by a beautifully intelligent performance as a wife who *understands*—and has to. Miss Dorothy Hyson had the difficult job of securing sympathy for a young girl who attempts to seduce a man old enough to be her father and who rubs in the selfishness and cocksureness of youth. She secured sympathy with her brains as well as with that almost unfair allowance of good looks.

There is a type of actor who can wear a dinner jacket, smoke a pipe, and say to beauty in lovelorn distress, "My child, my dear, dear, child," with a theatrical charm that is apt to nauseate. Mr. Ian Hunter is not of that type. He sat on an Aubrey Hammond rock with Miss Hyson in most manly, unaffected, and tactful fashion.

"Once Upon a Time."—

"Once Upon a Time," which Mr. José Levy adapted from the French for the Little Theatre, is described as "a fairy tale." I found it to justify that subtitle only in so far that most events in it are wildly improbable. But

OPERA ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS: Dr. Fritz Busch who is conducting at the Mozart Festival at Mr. John Christie's opera house at Glyndebourne Manor, Sussex. He is leader of the Busch quartette, which has been giving a series of concerts at the Queen's Hall

DOWN AT THE OLD BULL AND BUSH: The sc... *Dutch*—a cavalcade of cockney life from 1895 to ... director, are standing

On left—
A FRENCH SUCCESS IN LONDON: A dramatic episode in *Crime and Punishment*, the play at the New Theatre based on the famous novel by Dostoievsky. It has just ended a run of fourteen months at the Théâtre Montparnasse in Paris

FILMS OF THE WEEK

improbability does not necessarily mean that a play is dull, particularly if, as this is, it is a crime play. Real crime is usually so dull that the further removed stage crime is from reality the better. I fancy the story owes much to Mr. Levy's skilled handling, and it moves at the right pace.

A society of crooks masquerading as a detective agency is directed by a young girl whose face is hideously malformed. She is, in every sense, the very devil. But she tripped over the carpet while enterprisingly a-burgling the house of a famous face-surgeon, and, alas for the devil and all his works, he mended (a) her ankle, (b) her face, and (c) her soul. Miss Helena Pickard looked so revolting in Act I that I chafed for Mr. Charles Quartermaine, the surgeon, to get on with his job and restore her to her normal prettiness with all speed. Hers was a good performance, and so was that of Mr. Robert Newton.

"No Way Back."—In place of Mr. Walter Hackett's comedy-crook-dramas there came to the Whitehall Theatre a few nights ago *No Way Back*. This proved to be one of those plays about very modern and very nasty people whom, thank God, I have never met. That, of course, does not matter. What is more important, more important even than the possibility of their existence at all, is the question as to whether they make interesting stage figures.

"ONCE UPON A TIME" AT THE LITTLE: Helena Pickard who plays the part of a woman handicapped by extreme ugliness. She lives a life of crime until a surgeon performs a "face lifting operation," which not only alters her looks but changes her character

I doubt this. Mr. Noel Coward did well with much the same set in one of his earlier plays; but even at that stage he showed a greater sense of the theatre than is to be found here, and he displayed a sense of humour in which this play is lacking.

The Censor, I understand, had had something to say about certain situations in *No Way Back*, which may have been more entertaining before, wisely no doubt, officialdom stepped in.

But a play involving a girl "vamping" her mother's gigolo is not attractive.

Miss Sophie Stewart had some good moments as the girl who, coming from a convent in France, was so swiftly debauched by her new surroundings; Miss Mary Clare, who, since *Cavalcade*, has had the misfortune to strike a round of poor parts, did what was possible for her impossible mother. Mr. Patrick Waddington was unable to hide a pleasant personality beneath a gigolonian mask.

At the Opera.—Covent Garden has been taking breathing spaces from the stern gloom of Wagner and has gone rather gay with *Schwanda* and the new Strauss opera *Arabella*, the latter not quite so gay as, I imagine, the composer intended it to be.

Let us take *Schwanda* first. This is hardly a grand opera at all; it is rather an enormously sophisticated musical comedy with much cleverer music than any musical comedy has ever known before. Lots of objection has been taken to it because it is amusing and because it is musically below the quality of either the German or the Italian portions of the season as we have come to know them. The composer, Weinberger, is a master of the *pastiche* and, consciously or unconsciously, imitates half-a-dozen people of the lighter Mittel-Europa school, and, being himself a Czech, gives us touches in plenty of his fellow-countrymen, Dvorak and Smetana. Often he frankly uses folk-tunes and I do not see why he should not.

The fantastic libretto, which deals with Schwanda, the bagpipe player, who charms a sinister queen with his music and also a much less sinister devil, calls for fantastic musical treatment and, if the score is rather a hotch-potch, not a bar of it is boring and the spirit of fantasy is preserved. The stage setting, particularly the Hell scene, with its lift-shaft and cocktail bar, is great fun and the performances, conducted by Herr Krauss of the Vienna Opera, go with a rare swing.

Plenty of superior folk are attacking *Schwanda* for being undignified in such august surroundings. Is it less dignified than jazz dances, a revue, and a pantomime, all of which have been known at Covent Garden in post-War times?

Arabella is, of course, a far more important affair. Strauss having written such mighty works as *Electra*, *Salome*, and the tone poems, and a masterpiece of operatic humour in *Der Rosenkavalier*, is naturally judged by a high standard. That is rather unfortunate for him when he writes a small-scale work such as this.

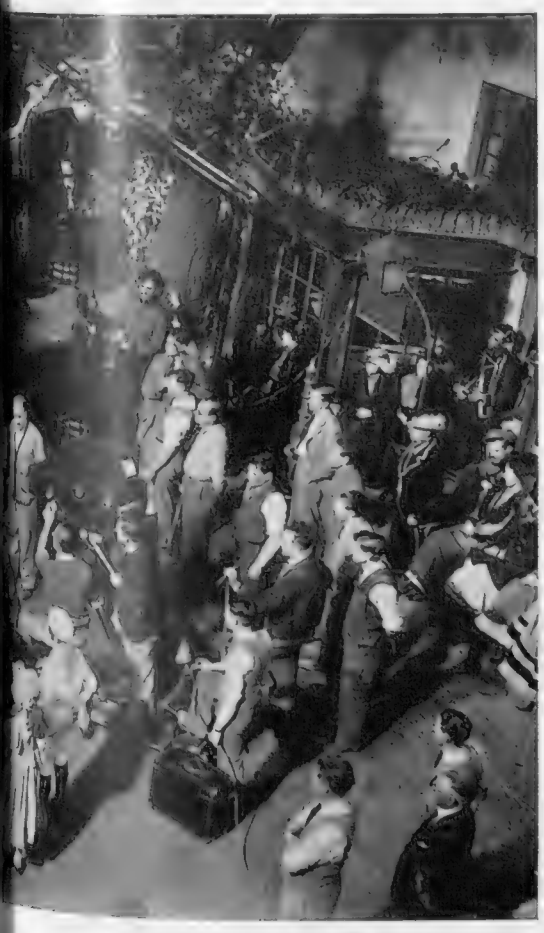
It is, perhaps, rather a case of Pegasus at the plough to find the mighty Richard writing music for a sentimental little yarn of Vienna in the 'sixties, for which the *Blue Danube* Strauss family is much more fitted. The only mistake, however, he has made in *Arabella* has been to introduce some waltz themes which are vastly inferior to those of the smaller Strausses and to those which he himself wrote in *Rosenkavalier*.

The ballroom act, therefore, to which we had been so eagerly looking forward was disappointing from the musical aspect, and from the carnival aspect a depressing affair. But Acts I and III contain some extremely lovely music.

The performance was immaculate, with chief honours going to Mlle Margit Bokor, Mme Ursuleac, and Herr Jerger. *Arabella* is not, by a long chalk, Strauss's greatest opera; but it is high up on his list and a work of interest and charm.

LOOKING THE PART: Richard Tauber, who plays Schubert in the new B.I.P. film, *Blossom Time*. Herr Tauber's resemblance to the great composer is remarkable

ANOTHER HISTORICAL FILM IN THE MAKING: Douglas Fairbanks and Merle Oberon as they appear in *The Private Life of Don Juan*—Alexander Korda's latest film which is now in production



during the shooting of the new Gainsborough film, *My Old* present day. Betty Balfour as "Lil" and Sinclair Hill, the the centre of the picture

On right—

ENTERPRISING ELSTREE: An elaborate cathedral setting in *Blossom Time*—the new B.I.P. picture depicting incidents in the life of Franz Schubert. The organ music for this scene was played in St. Joseph's Convent, Highgate, and relayed to the studio by land line

Scaioni

PICTURESQUE ASCOT

Ascot, the greatest fashion parade of the season, will provide endless excitement this year, for picture clothes have come back again after a long absence, and against the flower-banked stands women will float in diaphanous dresses crowned with graceful hats that are a romance in themselves

They are very lovely, our new picture hats, for they avoid over-elaboration, relying for their effect on the dramatic sweep of the brim and the piquancy of crowns that are shallow almost to disappearing point. And how effective they are!

Who could resist the model that is photographed above? Made of baku in a green that is the subtle, elusive shade of a plover's egg, it has a twist of marron velvet round the crown, a bunch of shaded grapes accenting the way in which the brim dips over one eye. It comes from Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus, where every sort of hat for every sort of occasion can be found. There is always such a gay atmosphere in these salons that it is the greatest fun to spend a little time there searching for treasure

Whatever your type may be you can stress it to the utmost when choosing your Ascot dress, for romanticism and the exotic will walk hand in hand together

Loose coolie coats of taffeta will certainly be seen, worn over frocks of printed crêpe de chine; but so will ruffled organdie capes billowing about the shoulders of slender taffeta dresses. Three-quarter length coats of printed silk, hanging loosely from the shoulders, will accompany matching frocks which reach to the ankles and have intricate draperies above the waist. Many of these were shown by a famous English dress designer, who also sponsored long slender skirts in dark heavy crêpes, with white or pastel tops, and fitted hip-length jackets. Worn with a large flat hat these were extraordinarily distinguished

The charmingly youthful dress sketched on the left comes from Marshall and Snelgrove's of Oxford Street, W. It is made of white organdie, delicately hand-embroidered with silver, and trimmed with dark blue rouleaux. The belt and the hat are of navy taffeta to match the slip

A Soldier at Waterloo

"When I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness, which I knew could be obtained without difficulty. Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass . . . .

"It was not long before I sent for the Guinness and I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful . . . . I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

From the Diary of a Cavalry Officer, June, 1815, after being severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo. ("Long Forgotten Days," by Ethel M. Richardson.)

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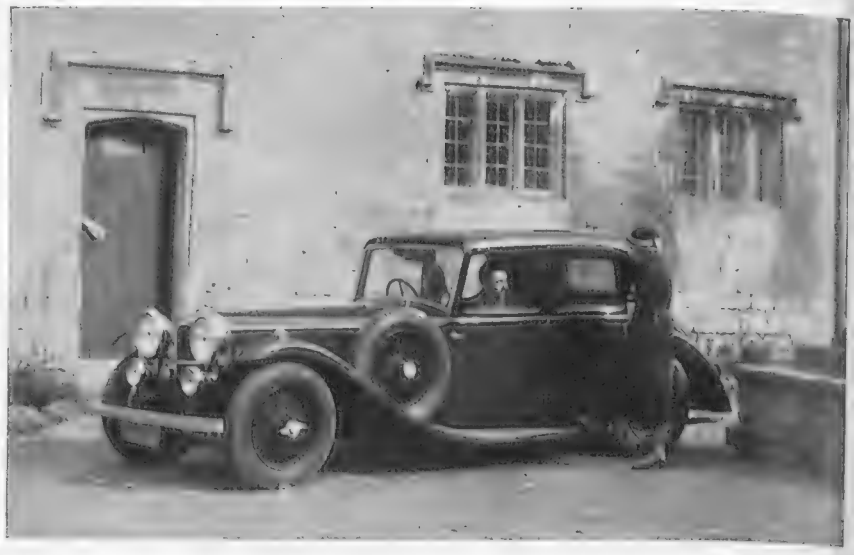


AN ALVIS "SPEED TWENTY" at Stanton, Worcestershire, where many beautiful brown stone buildings typical of the Cotswold country are to be found

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent

An interesting test was recently carried out by a Miss Cottle on a B.S.A. car fitted with a fluid flywheel. Many people have imagined, quite erroneously, that because there is no direct contact between the hard substances in the fluid flywheel, which in reality is a fluid clutch, no braking effect could be obtained through the engine. In order to demonstrate the mistake of this suggestion this lady driver drove a 10-h.p. B.S.A. car up the six Lakeland passes—the three Kirkstones, Wrynose, Hard Knott, and Honister—then, under R.A.C. observation, Miss Cottle descended the hills, without touching the brakes. I might mention that in places the gradients encountered were more severe than one in three-and-a-half.

During the descents of the three Kirkstone Passes, the driver checked the car by the use of the lower gear ratios, but on the steepest portions of the other hills she coasted down with reverse preselected, and engaged it from time to time. These tests demonstrate quite clearly that the driver of a fluid fly-wheel car is in a better position than even the driver of an ordinary car, for in addition to the usual brakes the reverse gear can be called into action when a standstill is called for.

The introduction of any new accessory for a car usually results in a certain amount of confusion or difficulty before drivers are fully accustomed to its operation. The approval by the Ministry of Transport of the drop-arm type of direction-indicator has brought them very largely into use. The R.A.C. points out, however, that whilst drivers are most punctilious in using the indicator to show whether they are turning left or right, it is not uncommon for the driver to forget to switch the indicator down after the turn has been completed, and to carry on along a straight road with an illuminated arrow projecting from one or other side of the car to the confusion of the other traffic.

The R.A.C. draws the attention of drivers to the necessity for bringing direction indicators attached to cars back to the normal position immediately a turn has been completed. Personally, I think that the most satisfactory way out of the trouble is to have a time switch fitted which automatically returns the indicator to its dropped position after so many seconds. There is also another type of switch which produces the same result when the steering-wheel is turned back to the straight position, after a bend is taken or a swerve made.

Delegates from more than 100 of the great motoring and touring associations of the world, composing the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme, and representing in the aggregate more than 10,000,000 members, will meet in London as the guests of the Automobile Association from June 2 to 5. The object of the congress is to extend facilities for international travel. Among the projects to be discussed by the A.I.T.—of which the A.A. of Great Britain is a founder member—is the development of great international highways joining Calcutta and Capetown to London. Britain should benefit by an influx of tourists from all parts of the world as the result of the A.I.T. meeting in London this summer.

A series of air pageants is being organized in all parts of the country, and lasting throughout the summer, by the British Hospitals Air Pageants. Some 200 flying displays have been arranged, the proceeds in each case being given to hospitals. The R.A.C. is co-operating with the organizers by undertaking the parking arrangements at each of the flying grounds concerned, a trained staff of R.A.C. guides being on duty at each aerodrome.

SAFETY AT SEA *(Continued from p. 300)*

The lifeboats carried on board ship, which must be relied upon in the last resort, have also been greatly improved, especially since the terrible disaster to the *Titanic* through collision with an iceberg. But the lowering of lifeboats from the great height of the upper deck of a passenger ship is always a ticklish operation, especially with the ship rolling heavily.

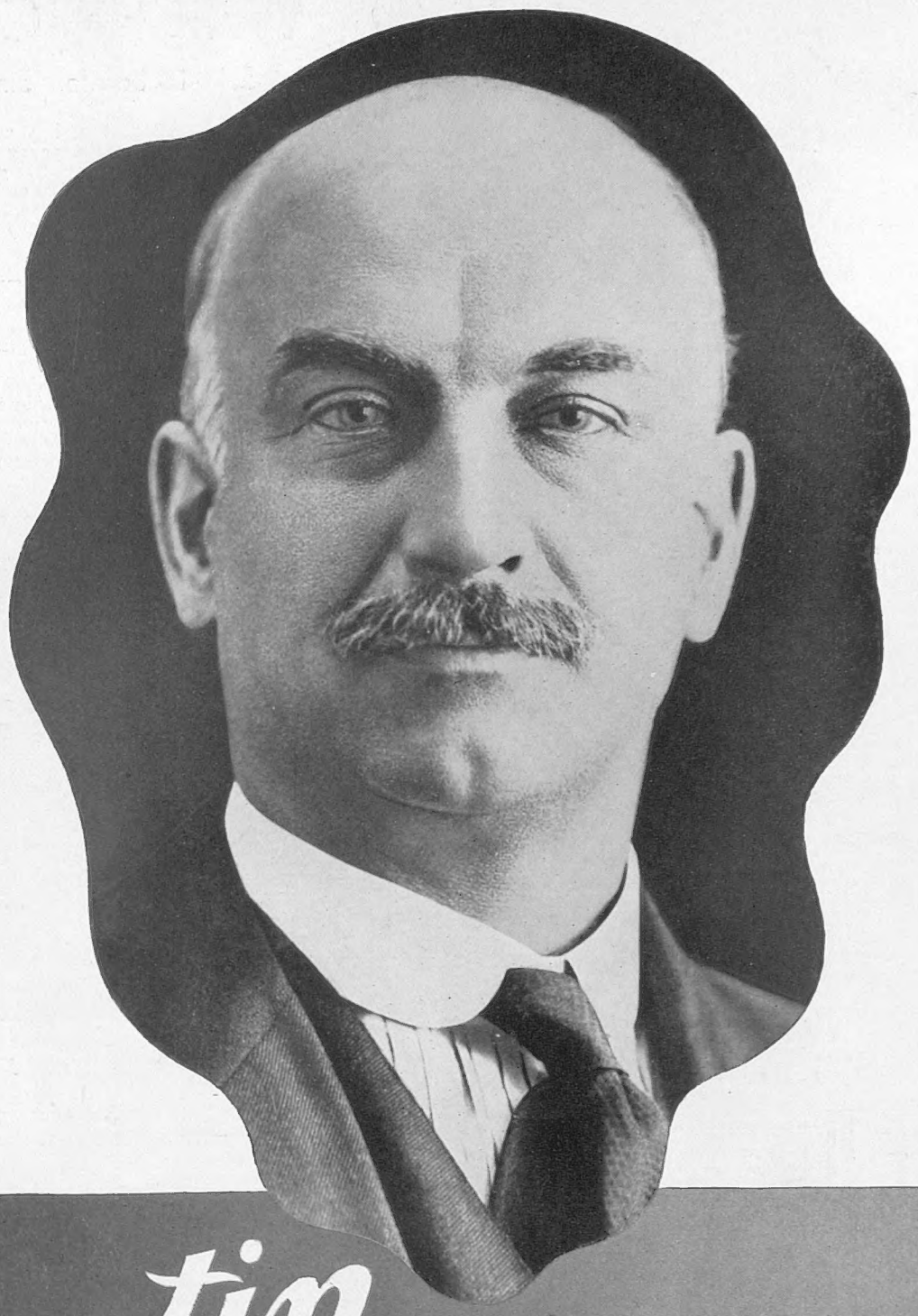
On reaching the water-line, especially if the sea is rough, some means of rapidly disengaging the lifeboat is essential. There are various inventions to enable this to be done, so that both the lower blocks or pulleys of the boat's falls can be released simultaneously at the word of command from the officer in charge. The "boat's falls" is the name given to the ropes and blocks for lowering and hoisting the boat. If skilfully done, the boat will be released on the crest of a wave, and taken clear immediately of the ship's side.

The use of oil to smooth the surface of the sea when lowering boats is well known and is very valuable. Many modern ships have special apparatus for discharging oil from well forward in the bows on to the surface of the sea in case of need. In my opinion the fitting of these oil-throwing contrivances should be made compulsory. The only trouble with the oil is that it is sometimes apt to choke swimmers in the water.

Line-throwing apparatus is sometimes very useful. A kind of gun fires a projectile, with a line attached, to a considerable distance. These should be more generally fitted and would be useful for life-saving purposes. It is often possible to throw a line to a drowning man when it is not possible to lower a boat in time to save him.

Perhaps the greatest safeguard of all is the wonderful chivalry of the sea. There is an unwritten law amongst seamen of all nations always to go to the rescue of their fellows in distress, irrespective of any risks run. This law is never broken.

Summing up, there will always be the chances of weather and the possibility of the failure of the human element leading to accidents and disasters at sea. But modern methods and present-day inventions have provided many safeguards against such accidents and means of retrieving them from disaster when they occur.



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A NOD WHICH COST £11,025

The Biggest Art Sale in London Since the Slump

Great things had been expected of the Hirsch collection of art treasures, and all those who professed any interest in such matters had flocked to Christie's rooms to see the fine furniture, porcelain, and pictures, which were to be sold. But though a handsome total was anticipated there was general amazement when the sum of nearly £100,000 was reached for the five days' sale. This success places London once more as the leading city for the dispersal of art treasures, and it also proves what a good investment pictures and furniture can be when chosen with knowledge and discernment. The late Mr. Leopold Hirsch bought twenty-one lots at the sale of Sir Edward Dean Paul in 1896 for £885—at last week's sale those same lots realized no less than £5,286. Not many collectors have such surprising and delightful justification of their purchases, but undoubtedly the joy of a private collection, well chosen, is not a mere extravagance. Forty years ago Mr. Hirsch started collecting Chippendale furniture, when it was not the fashion of the moment, with the result that a pair of armchairs, for which he had only paid £42, were sold for £672. The highest price given during the sale of the furniture was £1,102 for a set of twelve William III chairs designed in the manner of Daniel Marot.

THE LEOPOLD HIRSCH PORCELAIN was not of the superb quality of that of the collector's brother, Henry, the chief interest being shown for a pair of white marble statuettes representing Spring and Autumn, 17 in. high, by Clodion, which fetched £1,050. Owing to modern methods of furnishing, the use for tapestry is limited, and the really huge prices given some few years ago are not likely to be obtained under present conditions. The superb Gobelin panels, for instance, belonging to Lord Zetland, which had been designed for Moor Park about 1770, failed to reach the reserves, and were bought in for 3,400 guineas at the sale on April 26. Last week the very fine early sixteenth-century Brussels panel of tapestry, woven with "The Repose in Egypt," realised £5,670, which was considered highly satisfactory for to-day, though Mr. Leopold Hirsch himself acquired it during a "boom" period, in 1912, for £8,190.

Keen as had been the interest in the furniture, it was the last day's sale of pictures which brought the great sale week to its culmination, and Christie's rooms were filled to their utmost capacity by an interested audience. The outstanding excitement of the afternoon was the portrait of the Allen Brothers, by Raeburn, for which the really immense sum of £11,025 was given for a picture which, though undoubtedly full of charm, seemed to be a little crowded, and the composition in other respects a little odd. This picture had been selected by Mr. Henry Hirsch, under his brother's will, and his heirs are correspondingly enriched by his judgment. Another Raeburn picture, a very typical one, of Lieut.-Colonel Morrison of the 7th Dragoon Guards, realized £4,620—a great advance on the £860 which was given for this picture in 1902. George Romney followed closely on the Raeburns, 4,700 guineas being obtained for his portrait of Mrs. Thomas Raikes. Two familiar pictures by George Morland — "Children Bird-nesting" and "Juvenile Navigators"—made 2,800 guineas and 2,700 guineas respectively. Gainsborough's "Show Box," with the twelve landscapes and river scenes painted on glass, which the artist used to place in the box and light up with candles, was bought for 1,150 guineas. This had been sold for 205 guineas in 1890.

Two other notable increases in price were to be seen in a small portrait of Canon Jean de Carondelet, by Mabuse, which in 1887 fetched only 48 guineas, but now realized 3,000 guineas, being purchased by a representative of the Matthieson Gallery in Berlin; and a portrait by Giovanni Santi, said to be of the young Raphael, which in 1890 was obtained for 26 guineas, but now fell for 1,900 guineas—this one also going to Germany. For the 146 pictures sold, no less than £61,503 was realized, making May 11 a very notable day in sale-room history.

"THE ALLEN BROTHERS," BY RAEBURN: A portrait group which fell to a bid of £11,025 at the Hirsch sale at Messrs. Christie's

AFTER SO THRILLING A WEEK one would anticipate an inevitable "slump" in interest, but the forthcoming sales give no sign of this, for we are promised some fine pictures on June 1 at Messrs. Christie's, when the collection of the late Mr. A. J. Sulley, the well-known picture dealer, will be sold. The collection includes portraits by Romney, of Mrs. Ann Warren (which seems to be the one which sold in 1928 for 5,800 guineas); Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Lawrence among the English masters. There is also a delightful portrait by Madame Vigée Le Brun, and a portrait of a lady and her two children by Cornelis de Vos.

At Messrs. Sotheby's there is an important sale of armour (also on June 1), the property of a Saxon collector, and included in the sale are some Italian works of art, some beautiful Della Robbias, and a very fine Italian walnut-wood cassone of fifteenth-century work.

A very rare English thirteenth century ivory figure of the Virgin and Child, which was excavated at Romsey Abbey fourteen years ago, is of exceptional interest at this sale, English ivories of this period being extremely rare. The catalogue of fine illuminated manuscripts, issued by Sotheby's for the sale on June 4, is full of good things with delightful illustrations of the "Roman de la Rose" (about 1475); the "Arbre des Batailles," composed for the instruction of the Dauphin by the order of Charles V; besides many magnificently illuminated Horæ.

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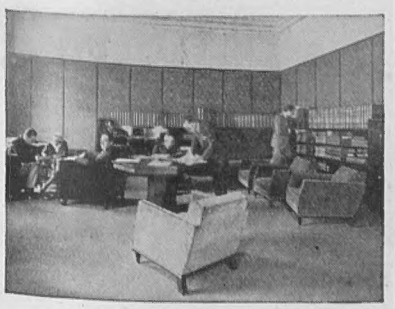

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Coblence. — Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. — 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof. — The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from R.M. 4, with pension R.M. 9.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mainz.—Hotel Karpfen.—Opposite landing stage. Founded 16th century. All comforts. Moderate prices.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Menaggio.—Victoria Hotel.—(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tennis. Bowling. On lake shores away fr. mn. rd. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

Stresa.—Regina Palace.—De luxe garden on lake. Tennis. Golf. Bathing. Orchestra. Garage. Rooms from 6/-, Pension from 17/-. Swiss Man.

SICILY.

Palermo.—Villa Igiea.—On the Sea Front. Large Park. Golf Links. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension 75 Lire.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind—former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century. Pension from 75 Lire.

SWITZERLAND.

Axenfels (Lake Lucerne).—**Palace Hotel.**—Excellent for Rest and Recreation. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Diet. Pens. from Frs. 14.

Baden-les-Bains (nr. Zürich).—Grand Hotel.—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st cl. Res. All com. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air restaur. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fr. 12 Frs.

Geneva. — The Regina. — Up-to-date. On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest. overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mod. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Htl. & Righi Vaudois (2270 ft.) —Ideal pos. Lge. gdn-pk. ovrlkng. L. of Geneva. Evry. cmft. 1st cl. cuisine. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 12.

Gurnigel, Bernese Oberld.—3,900 ft. a.s. Sum. & wint.—**Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. 300 bdrs. bths, diet. frsts, ten. orch. Wkly. trms. incl. £5.7.0.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne.—Lausanne Palace—Beau Site Hotels.—De luxe at rsnble. rates. Ex. cuisine. Nicest posit. Park, Garage, Priv. Tennis, Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from 8 Frs. Pens. from 18 Frs. Director: A. de Micheli.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. facing lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tenn. Lge. pk. Grge. Beach.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel and Kurhaus.—Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tenn. Cts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake, own beach. 2 tennis, boating. Incl. rate (pens.) with bath, £1.

Vevey. — Parkhotel Mooser. — Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension, Francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Seiler Hotels.**—(1,000 beds.) Pension rate from Fr. 9 and Fr. 12.50.

A view in the Caucasus

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

McF., Ayrshire (Cruises and Austria).—You would find the boats of the Orient Line very excellent, an interesting cruise being that of the *Orontes*, leaving Southampton on August 18 for a twenty-three days' cruise up the Mediterranean to Athens and Istanbul. The return 1st-class fare from London to Bad Gastein, direct or via Paris is £22 6s. 4d., though during July and August a reduction on this rate can be obtained. If you wish to break the journey you would find it best to spend one night in Paris and one night in St. Anton in the Arlberg district of the Austrian Tirol. St. Anton is very lovely, and well worth a longer visit. The supplement for the 1st-class sleeper straight through from Calais to Bad Gastein is £5 5s. 9d. One of the leading hotels in the latter town is the Kaiserhof, and less expensive is the Bellevue Hotel. The country surrounding the town is extremely beautiful, and offers plenty of opportunity for excursions.

Y., India (Italy, Austria, France).—We think your best plan would be to disembark at Naples, proceeding to Rome, where you can go by air or train to Venice, and by similar methods from Venice to Vienna. From Vienna you can go by train to Innsbruck, and then by bus over the Brenner Pass to Bolzano, an excellent centre for seeing the Dolomite region of Italy; by bus again over the Stelvio Pass to Tirano. From there you can make your way by train, bus, and steamers across lakes Como, Lugarno, and Maggiore to Arona. Reaching Turin from Arona you could either proceed to Paris via Aix-les-Bains, or travel down to either Genoa or Nice, and continue the journey along the Riviera by P.L.M. bus to Toulon, where you could pick up the Paris train.

The Trio, Yorks (Finland).—The return 3rd class fare from London to Helsingfors, via the Finland Line of 48, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3, is £10, the return voyage taking eleven days. On reaching Helsingfors your best plan is to go by train to Uleaborg or Tornis, and from there walk to whichever town on the Arctic Sea you select. The scenery of Finland is very pretty, and living there is cheap, the exchange being very much in our favour.

Hints for Travellers

FREE TRANSPORT OF CARS TO NORWAY BY B. & N. LINE

An excellent suggestion for an interesting summer holiday at most moderate cost, is that of a motor tour in Norway. The word moderate is used with good reason, for in the first place the B. & N. Line convey free of charge from Newcastle to Bergen and back, motor cars of any size and weight, provided they are accompanied by three passengers; while reduced charges are in operation if the car has only one or two passengers. The cost of petrol in Norway is only 1d. or 2d. per gallon more than in England, which compares very favourably with some Continental countries. The extensive development of good roads in Norway during the past few years has opened up many beautiful districts hitherto accessible only by the national pony-carriage. Hotel accommodation there is very reasonable in price and, even in the smallest inn, is always scrupulously clean.

At the Service of Our Readers
"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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Sir Edward —the Enthusiastic

Racecourse Telegrams

Lord Bob: "Looking everywhere for you, Teddy. You must have a good bet on my horse in this race."

Sir Edward: "Many thanks, Bob. I will."

Lord Bob: "Hurry up! Man alive, the horses are at the post and you are a hundred yards from the ring!"

Sir Edward: "Don't excite yourself, Bob. I'm just wiring my agent £100 each way at 'Tote' odds."

Lord Bob: "But you won't be on. In the first place, it's after time, and, secondly, no agent will take £100 each way now."

Sir Edward: "Guess again, Bob. Haven't you heard of 'Duggie'?"

Lord Bob: "Yes; but I suppose he is the same as the others."

Sir Edward: "That's where you're wrong. He allows you to wire him up to the 'Off' for bets at either 'Tote' plus 5% or Starting Prices."

Lord Bob: "I see; so instead of jumping your 'hundred' on the machine at the last minute and reducing the odds, you wire 'Duggie' and improve matters to the tune of 5% extra?"

Sir Edward: "Exactly. *That's why 'Duggie' makes me so enthusiastic.*"

Follow Sir Edward's advice— Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON

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